

HOME AUTHORS

PENNSYLVANIA

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HOME AUTHORS— PENNSYLVANIA

By

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PREFACE.

The aim of this book is simple and direct:

1. To arouse an interest in home authors.
2. To stimulate a study of national literature.
3. To provide sufficient material from the writings of each author to induce pupils and teachers to continue the study.
4. To show to young people that contemporaneous writers are worthy of study. I have always found that with youth the living personalities are more appealing than the dead, and that things or persons near are preferred to things or persons remote.

This literature is intended primarily for use in Grade Eight, but in some schools where pupils have received adequate preparation, it may be used in Grade Seven. In other school systems it may be found to fit best in the first year of the high school. Particularly will this be true in township high schools.

I am much indebted to many friends for kindly help and criticism in the preparation of this material.

WILLIAM R. STRAUGHN.

DuBois, Pa., June 5, 1913.



THE APPROACH TO LITERATURE

I.

The study of the life, works, and problems of men and women who were born near us, or who live near us, arouses a deeper interest than exists from the first in conditions and actions of persons remote. This thought has been utilized in the teaching of history, geography, and concrete arithmetic. It can even more appreciatively be used in the study of literature; for literature is the expression of life in language harmonious with the emotions aroused. If the form of life pictured is directed to mature intellects, a more varied language can be employed than is possible for developing minds.

The great object in the study of literature is to stimulate interest, through which the student approaches the magic kingdom of pleasurable and profitable books. There are books and books, which is about as accurate a classification as one can give. We approach the expositive and argumentative writings, such as deal with the problems of life, through the compositions which possess an inherent interest for young people. For children there are fables, myths and shorter poems; for boys and girls there are legends.

travels, biographies, adventures, mysteries, and romances; for older persons who have read through these kinds of writing, there are these same books, which always have an interest, and other books too numerous to classify.

To books intended especially for boys and girls we give the general name, juvenile. The growing child demands juvenile writings, for they are on a level with his intellect. The interest in these is already there—the interest of a living young person who is following attentively the lives of other young persons found in the story. This is the period of human development when warm blood mingles with warm blood, when the world is imaginatively real, when adventure is supreme, and when romance is developing. These books are absorbingly interesting because they come close to the life of the reader. Rarely will the child be able to tell who wrote the book, and years after perhaps he has completely forgotten. One step further in the development of this real interest and we shall aid in removing the serious defect of forgetting the author: in the formative period of intellectual development, when the pupil is just approaching the study of literature as a distinct part of the curriculum, we should give him the opportunity to learn of the writings of men and women of the state in which he lives. Perhaps the homes of some of these authors are within a few miles of his own home, within the same county or neighboring county, or at least near the home of a boy or girl friend whom he has visited. Far better, perhaps he has personally met

or seen the writer. This association of the home with the name of the author and the literary characters which he has created will develop a real and abiding interest in men and women of letters. It will lead to an appreciative study of their works, and through these into the wider field of national and international literature, always retaining an interest in the personality of the authors.

Not all the books of all the writers in the state shall be read. The awakening of a real interest is of first importance. This may better be done through one book than through many. Detailed analyses should be avoided, particularly in prose writings, and only such details should be employed in poetry as will result in a complete, yet appreciative, understanding of the poem as a whole. More damaging instruction is • allowed in the study of poetry than in any other subject. Lord Tennyson, the great English poet, and Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, one of the Pennsylvania poets, have complained of the custom nowadays among readers to find in every poem a part of the biography of the poet. They ask the reader to attribute to the poet at least a small share of imagination. Teachers and students can profit by this complaint. Seek not detailed knowledge in poetry, but seek enjoyment through understanding.*

It is well for the teacher to read aloud to the class, selections that will arouse a desire to know more about the author and his writings. The biographies

*See appendix for a suggested self-help study of poetry.

and selections given in this book are for that purpose—to stimulate teachers and pupils, particularly pupils.

This work is not, and does not pretend to be, all-inclusive, but such authors are placed before the young people of Pennsylvania as seem suited to the purpose of meeting the ideas advanced in this introduction. In the selection of authors, a division has been necessary, and the biographical line of division has been made to include only those writers *born* in Pennsylvania, while those born elsewhere but now residing in the state are given in a brief survey of the literature of the state.

A guiding principle in the use of this book as an approach to literature may safely be found in the words of Dr. Henry van Dyke, a native of Pennsylvania, who is a writer and teacher of experience and distinction. "When I read to a child I never analyze, or dissect the thing read. I treat it as if it were alive. The child asks all the questions necessary; but when a child reads to me, I ask the questions."

II.

From the earliest days of literary struggles in this country, Pennsylvania has had a leading part in the development of writers. Passing over ambitious individuals of the colonial times, who produced argumentative essays rather than poetry or romantic fiction, we come to the name of Benjamin Franklin, an adopted son of the Quaker colony, who gave one of the first enduring contributions to American literature. No young person should fail to read his *Auto-*

biography, because both of the pleasure and of the profit which it affords. The details of his life are quite well known to all school boys and girls.

During the days when taxes rested heavily upon the good people of the colonies, there was born in Philadelphia a child, who, although struggling against melancholy, was at the early age of twenty-seven to become the author of the first successful American romance—*Wieland*. Charles Brockden Brown has long since been forgotten, for neither the language nor the depressive surroundings of his novels appeal to modern readers; but he it was who disclosed to James Fenimore Cooper the possibilities of American scenes and characters. Under Franklin and Brown literary supremacy in the New World was transferred from Massachusetts to Pennsylvania.

Shortly afterwards New York City pushed to the front with the distinguished Knickerbocker Writers, but about the middle of the nineteenth century *Graham's Magazine*, a leading periodical published in Philadelphia, again restored literary influence to the Keystone state, when great contemporary authors like Poe, Lowell, Longfellow, Leland, and Hawthorne were attracted to contribute to its columns. *Graham's* soon had 35,000 subscriptions, the first magazine to boast of such an enormous circulation. Pennsylvania has continued, even until to-day, to be the home of solid periodicals, magazines, and daily newspapers. *The Saturday Evening Post*, a journal of literary excellence founded by Benjamin Franklin, is perhaps the most widely read magazine in the world.

This and other publications give Pennsylvania an abiding place in the formative thought of American literature.

Longer life-sketches are given in this book of many of the ambitious literary sons and daughters of Pennsylvania, but others, not thus included, deserve more than a mere passing notice or enumeration.

Jeremiah Black (1810-1883), whose home was in Somerset County, was a prominent jurist, statesman, and writer, although he led such a busy life that he was unable to devote special efforts to writing. His *Essays and Speeches* were widely read a few years ago. He was Secretary of State under President Buchanan, and was the counsel for President Johnson in the famous impeachment proceedings.

Louisa May Alcott (1832-1888), well known as being the author of *Little Women* and its sequel *Little Men*, which are delightful juvenile tales, was born in Germantown, although most of her life was spent in New England. She was the daughter of Amos Bronson Alcott, a visionary school-master, poet, and member of a distinguished group of writers. As her father failed to provide for his family the necessities of life, to her fell the task of meeting the needs of the household. She tried teaching, but that was not sufficiently remunerative. She took in sewing, and even hired herself out as a servant. All the while she was writing stories for newspapers. After years of struggles, she met with success on the publication of *Little Women*.

Eliphalet Oram Lyte (1842-1913), was for many years Principal of the Millersville State Normal

School. He was the author of several beautiful hymns, including *Just Beyond* and *I'm a Pilgrim*. As a writer, he will be longest remembered for the composition of *Pennsylvania*, a state patriotic song that shows considerable merit and depth of feeling. He was born at Bird-in-Hand, a village of Lancaster County.

Maurice Francis Egan (1852-), is at present, 1913, the United States Minister to Denmark. He was born in Philadelphia, and educated in LaSalle College, Georgetown University, and Villanova College. For nearly twenty years he was Professor of English Literature in leading Roman Catholic universities. Six years ago he entered the diplomatic service, and has risen high in the esteem of his countrymen. He has been decorated by the King of Belgium for researches in literature. He is known to young people as the author of *A Garden of Roses*, *Jack Chumleigh*, and *In a Brazilian Forest*.

Agnes Repplier (1857-), is one of the most prominent of Pennsylvania essayists. She, too, was born in Philadelphia, of French ancestry. Of late years she has spent much time in Europe. She was educated in Sacred Heart Convent at Torresdale. *Philadelphia—The Place and the People* is one of her most appreciative books, which displays a keen interest and knowledge of affairs in the leading city of the Commonwealth. Another good book is *Essays in Idleness*. Her works are not intended for children but for mature intellects.

Ida M. Tarbell (1857-), one of the editors of *The American Magazine*, was born in Erie County, and

educated at Allegheny College, Meadville. She was also a student at universities in France. For many years she has been connected with the best of American magazines, and has proved herself worthy of a high place in literature. She is a vigorous writer. Her works, however, are directed to matured intellects. *A Life of Abraham Lincoln* is one of her best productions.

Margaretta Wade Deland (1857-), spent most of her youth in her uncle's home in Manchester, now a district of Pittsburgh. This village was the original of the Old Chester found in her delightful stories. Her present home is in Boston. She is best known as the author of *Old Chester Tales* and the sequel, *Dr. Lavendar's People*.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mrs. Riggs, (1859-), was born in Philadelphia. All young people will enjoy her stories: *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *The Diary of a Goose Girl*, *Mother Carey's Chickens*.

Mary Moss (1864-), is another Philadelphian by birth and residence who has achieved success as a writer. She has contributed short stories and essays to the leading magazines. She is the author of *A Sequence in Hearts*.

John Russell Hayes (1866-), of Swarthmore, has given us some pretty poems of the Brandywine districts. As teacher and librarian, he has spent a quiet, unassuming life among books. Among his works are *The Old Fashioned Garden and Other Verses* and *In a Brandywine Harvest-field*.

Helen Reimensnyder Martin (1868-), is known as

the author of many short stories and works dealing with Pennsylvania-German life. She was born in Lancaster, and was reared amid German surroundings. However, she has never truthfully portrayed the life of the so-called "Pennsylvania-Dutch." Her characters are not types, but exceptions. People who have never come into personal contact with the German element in Pennsylvania will form an exaggerated opinion from *Tillie, A Mennonite Maid* and *Sabina, A Story of the Amish*.

Mary Roberts Rinehart (1876-), was born in Pittsburgh, and was educated in the public schools of the city. From an unknown writer, she broke into the field of authorship with a brilliant piece of mysterious and entertaining fiction, *The Circular Staircase*. This was followed the next year with *The Man in Lower Ten*. Mrs. Rinehart lives in a beautiful country home at Sewickley, but does most of her writing in a plain office in Pittsburgh. She is a popular writer, and contributes to the best magazines.

Mary Brecht Pulver is a promising young writer of Lancaster, which is also the home of Dr. Benjamin F. Urban, a poet of more than average ability, who has recently published a volume entitled *Dreaming on the Conestoga*.

Florence Earle Coates, of Philadelphia, has produced some excellent verses in recent years. *Mine and Thine* and *Lyrics of Life* are two of her volumes of poems.

All of these writers are natives of Pennsylvania. It will be noted by the observant that most of the authors come from Philadelphia or vicinity. This is a natural condition. The eastern part of the state con-

tains the oldest settlements where we find greater stability and leisure, both of which are essential to a permanent growth toward literature. Then, too, this is the region of larger cities, with splendid libraries, and a region in close proximity to the great publishing houses of Philadelphia and New York. In the central counties of the state, farming and mining are the chief occupations, neither of which lends itself readily to literary inducements. Pittsburgh is a great industrial center and her people have not yet attained that leisurely reflection which finds its outburst in arts and in literature. From out of this region there will yet come one, or more, to picture in verse and in fiction the life of the many races who there have a home.

Many of the distinguished native sons and daughters, whose names have been included within this volume, have moved to other states; many from other parts have come here to abide as at home, and it is but proper that some of these, who, like Benjamin Franklin, have been adopted into the state family, should be known as bringing additional honors to a great commonwealth, rich in natural and cultivated resources, of which literature is not the least.

Mayne Reid (1818-1883), the well-known writer of thrilling adventures for boys, was born in Ireland. When twenty years old, he came to this country and made his home in Philadelphia. He traveled extensively throughout the United States. On the outbreak of the Mexican War he was made captain of a company of United States troops, and served with distinction in that struggle. He has written about fifty stories of

adventures, all of which exalt manly courage. *The Rifle Rangers* and *Osceola* are two of his books.

One of America's leading historians is John Bach McMaster (1852-), who for thirty years has been Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania. He was born in Brooklyn, but most of his life has been passed in this state. *A History of the People of the United States* is a notable contribution to literature and learning. More than thirty years were devoted to its composition. It is in eight volumes.

Conshohocken is the home of one adopted into state literature. Charles Heber Clark, (1841-), who writes under the pen-name of "Max Adeler," was born in Berlin, Md. *The Quakeress* is his best known work.

George Horace Lorimer (1868-), the distinguished editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, is not a Pennsylvanian by birth, but he has added to the charm of literature pouring forth from the Keystone state. He has written several books, but his first production remains the best known—*Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son*.

BAYARD TAYLOR

Traveler, Journalist, Poet, Novelist

Bayard Taylor was born nearly one hundred years ago at Kennett Square, a small village of Chester County. Those who know the beautiful Kennett of today will rarely associate with it the cross-roads and cultivated farms of the boyhood of Bayard when his father kept the country store, from which he soon withdrew for the more profitable occupation of farming. The old homestead was burned long ago, but on one section of the Taylor farm, Bayard, grown to manhood and famous as a poet and a traveler, built a beautiful home which he called "Cedarcroft." All through the doubtful struggles of his youth, even when tramping in distant countries and almost starving, he promised himself that some day he would go back to live with the birds, the trees, the swamp, and the hillocks of Kennett. He did, and more, for in many charming verses he tells of these, his Nature friends, and in a novel pleasing to boys and girls he has left a romance of his native village, *The Story of Kennett*.

The story of his life is the struggle to fulfill an abiding ambition: first, to travel in foreign lands; and secondly, to be remembered as a great American poet. How he always kept these hopes to the front has to be

told in a few words. His parents were sturdy Quaker folk. He and his brothers and sisters were sent to the village school. It is interesting to know that one brother, Col. Frederick Taylor, who was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, was the brave leader of the celebrated Pennsylvania Regiment of Bucktails. Bayard was a thin, wiry, nervous, mischievous boy with a great fondness for reading and geography. His reading embraced a wide range of literature; in fact, everything that he could find in Kennett Square and in the library at West Chester, where he attended academy. It was an insignificant guide-book, entitled *The Tourist in Europe*, which by chance fell into his hands, that stimulated his desire to travel.

When seventeen he was apprenticed to the editor of the *West Chester Village Record*, and entered upon the trade of a printer. For more than a year he had been writing poems which had appeared in this weekly newspaper. The apprenticeship became distasteful to him, and, as he was still ardently cherishing the thought of European rambles, he wrote a volume of poems, personally canvassed his friends, and secured from them subscriptions for his prospective book. From the sale of this book he netted twenty dollars. Three distinguished editors in Philadelphia contributed an additional one hundred and twenty dollars in return for promised letters of travel. He now had a sum of money which he considered to be sufficiently large to undertake the proposed journey, but he must secure a passport from the United States government. He could not afford the expenses of stage travel to Washington, so he and his cousin

Frank went on foot the greater part of the one hundred and twenty miles—excellent training for two boys who expected to cross Europe on foot.

Bayard was now nineteen years old. Two years he passed in Europe, tramping 3,000 miles, wherever his inclination led him. He was feeding his mind, but often starving his body. At times he was so poor that he lived on tenpence a day. Sometimes he was without food for two days. Scanty remittances from Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, which was publishing the letters from the young American, induced the adventurous traveler to push on. When he reached London on his way back toward home, he had less than fifty cents in his pockets. Thus did Bayard Taylor see the peoples, the institutions, and the countries of the Old World.

He had left the shores of America an unknown boy; he returned a distinguished traveler and writer. A nation had been reading with interest his letters of travel, composed with charming simplicity and appreciation. These letters were published in book form under the title *Views Afoot*. The ease of the introduction carries the reader into an interesting volume: "An enthusiastic desire of visiting the Old World haunted me from early childhood. I cherished a presentiment, amounting almost to belief, that I should one day behold the scenes among which my fancy had so long wandered." Those who are desirous of knowing more about distant peoples, where and how they live, will be anxious to read this volume and others written by the Pennsylvanian who is known as "the great American traveler."

Taylor saw much of the world, particularly those parts not frequented by tourists. He was in California during the exciting days following the discovery of gold, and told of his experiences through the columns of *The Tribune*. He saw the Pyramids of Egypt, ascended the Nile, crossed the deserts of Africa, roamed through the Holy Land, enjoyed a bath in the Dead Sea, climbed a range of the Himalaya Mountains, sailed the oceans, witnessed a rebellion in China, beheld the glories of the Midnight Sun, looked upon the geysers of Iceland, ate with beggars, and was the guest of the greatest men and women of all countries. Thus was the viewpoint of his life broadened, and he was fitted for positions of great responsibility among the affairs of men.

President Hayes appointed him Minister to the German Empire. The renowned Prince Bismarck greeted him with honors. But in less than a year he died in Berlin, having scarcely entered upon his duties as a diplomat.

As a poet Bayard Taylor has enriched American literature. His best contributions are found in a volume entitled *Poems of the Orient*, of which *The Bedouin Love Song* is most widely remembered. Like some of the poetry of Tennyson and other lyric writers, this poem has been set to music. He made an excellent English translation of *Faust*, the masterpiece of Goethe, the great German poet. As a novelist, he has given *Hannah Thurston*, *John Godfrey's Fortune*, and *The Story of Kennett*.

(Born, January 11, 1825; died in Berlin, December 19, 1878).

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR IN GERMANY

We have lately witnessed the most beautiful and interesting of all German festivals—Christmas. This is here peculiarly celebrated. About the commencement of December, the Christmarkt, or fair, was opened in the Römerberg, and has continued to the present time. The booths, decorated with green boughs, were filled with toys of various kinds, among which during the first days the figure of St. Nicholas was conspicuous. There were bunches of wax candles to illuminate the Christmas tree, gingerbread with printed mottoes in poetry, beautiful little earthenware, basket-work, and a wilderness of playthings. The 5th of December, being Nicholas evening, the booths were lighted up, and the square was filled with boys running from one stand to another, all shouting and talking together in the most joyous confusion. Nurses were going around carrying the smaller children in their arms, and parents bought presents decorated with sprigs of pine and carried them away. Some of the shops had beautiful toys—as, for instance, a whole grocery store in miniature, with barrels, boxes and drawers all filled with sweetmeats, a kitchen with a stove and all suitable utensils which could really be used, and sets of dishes

of the most diminutive patterns. All was a scene of activity and joyous feeling.

Many of the tables had bundles of rods with gilded bands, which were to be used that evening by the persons who represented St. Nicholas. In the family with whom we reside one of our German friends dressed himself very comically with a mask, fur robe, and long tapering cap. He came in with a bunch of rods and a sack, and a broom for a sceptre. After we all had received our share of the beating he threw the contents of his bag on the table, and while we were scrambling for the nuts and apples gave us smart raps over the fingers. In many families the children are made to say, "I thank you, Herr Nicolaus," and the rods are hung up in the room till Christmas to keep them in good behavior. This was only a forerunner of the Christ-kindchen's coming. The Nicolaus is the punishing spirit; the Christ-kindchen, the rewarding one.

When this time was over, we all began preparing secretly our presents for Christmas. Every day there were consultations about the things which should be obtained. It was so arranged that all should interchange presents, but nobody must know beforehand what he would receive. What pleasure there was in all these secret purchases and preparations! Scarcely anything was thought or spoken of but Christmas, and every day the consultations became more numerous and secret. The trees were bought some time beforehand, but as we were to witness the festival for the first time, we were not allowed to see them prepared, in

order that the effect might be as great as possible. The market in the Römerberg Square grew constantly larger and more brilliant. Every night it was lit up with lamps and thronged with people. Quite a forest sprang up in the street before our door. The old stone house opposite with the traces of so many centuries on its dark face seemed to stand in the midst of a garden. It was a pleasure to go out every evening and see the children rushing to and fro, shouting and seeking out toys from the booths, and talking all the time of the Christmas that was so near. The poor people went by with their little presents hid under their cloaks lest their children might see them; every heart was glad and every countenance wore a smile of secret pleasure.

Finally the day before Christmas arrived. The streets were so full I could scarce make my way through, and the sale of trees went on more rapidly than ever. These were commonly branches of pine or fir set upright in a little miniature garden of moss. When the lamps were lighted at night, our street had the appearance of an illuminated garden. We were prohibited from entering the rooms up stairs in which the grand ceremony was to take place, being obliged to take our seats in those arranged for the guests, and wait with impatience the hour when Christ-kindchen should call. Several relations of the family came, and what was more agreeable, they brought with them five or six children. I was anxious to see how they would view the ceremony.

Finally, in the middle of an interesting conversa-

tion, we heard the bell ringing up stairs. We all started up and made for the door. I ran up the steps with the children at my heels, and at the top met a blaze of light coming from the open door that dazzled me. In each room stood a great table on which the presents were arranged amid flowers and wreaths. From the center rose the beautiful Christmas tree, covered with wax tapers to the very top, which made it nearly as light as day, while every bough was hung with sweetmeats and gilded nuts. The children ran shouting around the table, hunting their presents, while the older persons had theirs pointed out to them. I had quite a little library of German authors as my share, and many of the others received quite valuable gifts. But how beautiful was the heartfelt joy that shone on every countenance! As each one discovered he embraced the giver and all was a scene of the purest feelings. It is a glorious feast, this Christmas-time. What a chorus from happy hearts went up on that evening to Heaven! Full of poetry and feeling and glad associations, it is here anticipated with joy and leaves a pleasant memory behind it. We may laugh at such simple festivals at home and prefer to shake ourselves loose from every shackle that bears the rust of the past, but we would certainly be happier if some of these beautiful old customs were better honored. They renew the bond of feeling between families and friends and strengthen their kindly sympathy; even lifelong friends require occasions of this kind to freshen the wreath that binds them together.

New Year's eve is also favored with a peculiar

celebration in Germany. Everybody remains up and makes himself merry till midnight. The Christmas trees are again lighted, and while the tapers are burning down, the family play for articles which they have purchased and hung on the boughs. It is so arranged that each one shall win as much as he gives, which change of articles makes much amusement. One of the ladies rejoiced in the possession of a red silk handkerchief and a cake of soap, while a cup and saucer and a pair of scissors fell to my lot. As midnight drew near it was louder in the streets, and companies of people, some of them singing in chorus, passed by on their way to the Zeil. Finally three-quarters struck, the windows were opened and every one waited anxiously for the clock to strike. At the first sound such a cry arose as one may imagine when thirty or forty thousand persons all set their lungs going at once. Every body in the house, in the street, over the whole city, shouted "Prost Neu Jahr!" In families all the members embrace each other, with wishes of happiness for the new year. Then the windows are thrown open, and they cry to their neighbors or those passing by.

After we had exchanged congratulations, Dennett, B—— and I set out for the Zeil. The streets were full of people, shouting to one another and to those standing at the open windows. We failed not to cry, "Prost Neu Jahr!" wherever we saw a damsel at the window, and the words came back to us more musically than we sent them. Along the Zeil the spectacle was most singular. The great wide street was filled with com-

panies of men marching up and down, while from the mass rang up one deafening, unending shout that seemed to pierce the black sky above. The whole scene looked stranger and wilder from the flickering light of the swinging lamps, and I could not help thinking it must resemble a night in Paris during the French Revolution. We joined the crowd and used our lungs as well as any of them. For some time after we returned home, companies passed by singing "With us 'tis ever so!" but at three o'clock all was again silent.

—*Views Afoot.*

Used by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York and London.

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH WILD ANIMALS IN THE NILE COUNTRY

There were other features of the place, however, which it would be difficult to find anywhere except in Central Africa. After I had taken possession of my room, and eaten breakfast with my host, I went out to look at the garden. On each side of the steps leading down from the door sat two apes, who barked and snapped at me. The next thing I saw was a leopard tied to the trunk of an orange-tree. I did not dare to go within reach of his rope, although I afterwards became well acquainted with him. A little farther, there was a pen full of gazelles and an antelope with immense horns; then two fierce, bristling hyenas; and at last, under a shed beside the stable, a full-grown lioness, sleeping in the shade. I was greatly surprised when the Consul went up to her, lifted up her head, opened her jaws so as to show the shining white tusks, and finally sat down upon her back.

She accepted these familiarities so good-naturedly that I made bold to pat her head also. In a day or so we were great friends; she would spring about with delight whenever she saw me, and would purr like a cat whenever I sat down upon her back. I spent an

hour or two every day among the animals, and found them all easy to tame except the hyenas, which would gladly have bitten me if I had allowed them a chance. The leopard, one day, bit me slightly in the hand; but I punished him by pouring several buckets of water over him, and he was always very amiable after that. The beautiful little gazelles would cluster around me, thrusting up their noses into my hand, and saying, "Wow! Wow!" as plainly as I write it, but none of these animals attracted me so much as the big lioness. She was always good-natured, though occasionally so lazy that she would not even open her eyes when I sat down on her shoulder. She would sometimes catch my foot in her paws as a kitten catches a ball, and try to make a plaything of it,—yet always without thrusting out her claws. Once she opened her mouth, and gently took one of my legs in her jaws for a moment; and the very next instant she put out her tongue and licked my hand. There seemed to be almost as much of the dog as of the cat in her nature. We all know, however, that there are differences of character among animals, as there are among men; and my favorite probably belonged to a virtuous and respectable family of lions.

The day after my arrival I went with the Consul to visit the Pasha, who lived in a large mud palace on the bank of the Blue Nile. He received us very pleasantly, and invited us to take seats in the shady courtyard. Here there was a huge panther tied to one of the pillars, while a little lion, about eight months old, ran about perfectly loose. The Pasha called the latter, which came springing and frisking towards him.

“Now,” said he, “we will have some fun.” He then made the lion lie down behind one of the pillars, and called to one of the black boys to go across the courtyard on some errand. The lion lay quite still until the boy came opposite to the pillar, when he sprang out and after him. The boy ran, terribly frightened; but the lion reached him in five or six leaps, sprang upon his back and threw him down, and then went back to the pillar as if quite satisfied with his exploit. Although the boy was not hurt in the least, it seemed to me like a cruel piece of fun. The Pasha, nevertheless, laughed very heartily, and told us that he had himself trained the lion to frighten the boys.

Presently the little lion went away, and when we came to look for him, we found him lying on one of the tables in the kitchen of the palace, apparently very much interested in watching the cook. The latter told us that the animal sometimes took small pieces of meat, but seemed to know that it was not permitted, for he would run away afterwards in great haste. What I saw of lions during my residence in Khartoum satisfied me that they are not very difficult to tame,—only, as they belong to the cat family, no dependence can be placed on their good behavior.

—*Boys of Other Countries.*

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THE BEDOUIN LOVE SONG

From the Desert I come to thee
 On a stallion shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind
 In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
 And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
 With a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
 My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
 And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
 With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
 Of a love that shall not die
 Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
• Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold!

The Bedouin Love Song is used by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers of Bayard Taylor's poetical works.

HOME READING.

Views Afoot.

Boys of Other Countries.

The Story of Kennett.

Poems of the Orient.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Some of the home reading should be commenced in class by the teacher, who, by means of carefully chosen selections, can arouse such interest that the pupils will be stimulated to finish the book.

Every school library should own at least one copy of one or two of the books recommended under Home Reading of the various authors. A discount, in lots, will be allowed by any dealer in books. The entire cost will probably not exceed thirty dollars.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Painter and Poet

Thomas Read and Bayard Taylor were born in the same county, Chester, not far apart. Read was the older by almost three years. Later in life, as associates in the same group of writers, they became close friends. There is much in the living conditions of each that recalls the other. Both left home at an early age to see the world. As youths, both wrote poetry; both did portrait drawing. Taylor, it is true, confined his efforts largely to cartoons, while Read became somewhat distinguished in the art of painting.

When fifteen years old Thomas wandered to Cincinnati, where he procured the make-shift of a living by painting portraits in a little studio which he opened. Unsuccessful at this, he again became a wanderer, tramping from village to village, painting store signs and an occasional portrait. Often he would add to his scanty supply of money by giving a public entertainment with his pencil and brush. After four years of this adventurous life, he returned East and passed the next nine years in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

At the age of twenty-five he published his first

volume of poetry. He seems not to have experienced the severe struggles against poverty which were ever present in the youth of Taylor, for he visited Europe shortly after producing this book. Three years later he was again on the Continent, studying art amid the famous paintings in Florence and Rome. He died in New York, although he spent many of his last years in Rome.

His paintings today are almost forgotten. They deal with allegorical and mythical fancies. However, his fame is secure in the hearts of school boys and girls, not for the amount of poetry which he produced, but for the intensity of his patriotic verses. Long will he be remembered as the author of *Sheridan's Ride*.

(Born, March 12, 1822; died, May 11, 1872).

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing from Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed.

Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the tail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape flowed away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! Hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! Hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

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HOME READING.

The Wagoner of the Alleghenies.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Journalist, Essayist, and Humorous Poet

Leland was the first of the Pennsylvania writers who attended college, graduating from Princeton when he was twenty-two years old. He, too, early developed a taste for poetry, writing freely both before and during his days at college. For the purpose of broadening his views, like many others he also went to the Old World, not primarily as a traveler, but as a student at the great universities in Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris.

He was interested in peoples, as well as in books. Whether by chance or design, his student days in Paris came in 1848—that memorable year of revolutions in several European countries. The government of Louis Philippe, the “citizen king” who had promised so much and granted so little to workmen, had rapidly grown in disfavor. The signal for an uprising was given, following the refusal of the king to permit a public banquet. Events moved rapidly. Leland was a member of the mob that assumed control. The frightened king showed no resistance and abdicated. A republic (short-lived) was established. Perhaps his experience in Paris had aroused a deeper interest

in human rights, for the same year he returned to Philadelphia and studied law. However, he was not to practice it, for he gave up the profession in order to devote his energy to journalism and literature.

In later years he passed a long residence in London, studying gypsies and the gypsy lore of the Continent. His books which are the result of these observations are alive with interest. Apart from his more serious work, he wrote many humorous poems in Pennsylvania-German dialect, under the title of *Hans Breitmann's Ballads*. Odd though it may seem, these humorous, divertive poems are his best known contributions to literature. As a whole, they are not at present remarkable either for interest or power, but they were the forerunner of excellent contributions in the quaint dialect.

It is well also in passing to note that Leland was one of the first men in Pennsylvania, in fact in the world, to advocate industrial teaching in the public schools.

Besides the ballads and the gypsy lore, he wrote voluminously of legends, traditions, memoirs, travels, and translations. A few of his interesting and profitable books are *The Gypsies*, *Legends of the Birds*, *The Egyptian Sketchbook*, *Johnnykin and the Goblins*, *Algonquin Legends of New England*, and *Meister Karl's Sketch-Book*. Some of the books are out of print, and can be found only in old book stores.

(Born, August 15, 1824; died in Florence, Italy, March 20, 1903).

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME

(As it was acted in the year 1847.)

There is a broad and beautiful street in Rome called the Corso, any part of which presents views which might serve for scenes in the theatres. From every window in this street, curtains of crimson and gold, or of blue and silver, are hung, and the balconies which project from every house are similarly adorned. These are occupied almost exclusively by beautiful women, in every variety of costume which history can suggest, caprice invent, or imagination devise. * * * *

Such is the main business of the Carnival—to ride through the Corso in a carriage, or to stand in a balcony, exchanging volleys of flowers and sugar-plums with the passers-by, and to crowd at night into a masked ball or the opera. But the thousand-and-one little incidents which serve to interest and amuse, while you hardly perceive them—the flirtations of a minute—the coquetries of a second—all these, unimportant by themselves, taken together, serve admirably to dispel the least trace of ennui, and throw an air of romance over the whole scene.

The missiles generally employed during the Carnival are of three sorts, namely—"The Indifferent,"

"The Complimentary," "The Offensive." Among the indifferent, I class the plaster sugar-plums. These are made either of small balls of clay, or peas, coated over with a mixture of lime and water; and, when thrown with energy against any dark object, such as a coat or hat, leave a white mark. When the face and hands are pelted, or the lime-powder gets into the eyes, the sensation is rather painful than otherwise. The Papal government, mindful of this fact, issues the strictest commands against such missiles being made of a larger size than the samples which are deposited in the Police Office. These commands are obeyed with an accuracy only equalled by that of the New York and Philadelphia boys in regard to the Fourth-of-July edicts against fireworks.

The complimentary, for the greater part, consist of small bouquets which are sold in vast numbers at an extremely low price—say a shilling the half-peck. To these may be added fancy confectionery of every description, as well as artificial flowers. The extravagance of the Roman ladies and gentlemen, in these last two items, passes belief. I seriously believe that many a man literally throws away daily, during the Carnival, more money than he spends weekly at other seasons. But who thinks of prudence or economy at such a time? Carnival is short and Lent is long; therefore, *vive la bagatelle*, and hang to-morrow! Such is the principle which actuates every one during this soul-expanding-week.

The greater part of a man's happiness at this period depends upon the skill and tact which he dis-

plays in discharging the last-mentioned class of missiles. Should he merely fill his carriage with flowers, and blindly throw away, right and left, at every girl he meets, he may, indeed, stand a chance of getting flowers in return; but the kind looks, the sweet smiles, (not to mention the little bags and baskets full of sugar-plums), all of these delicate and interesting attentions will be lost to him.

What should he do? For the benefit of those gentlemen who propose passing the next Carnival at Rome, I would say, throw your bouquets at individuals—and not, as most do, at windows and carriages. Always select an individual—catch her eye; and, holding out your bouquet in such a manner as to indicate that it is for her alone, toss it gently to her. Having done this, you may, with modest confidence, hold out your hat to catch anything which she may cast in return.

The indifferent missiles vary in the manner in which they are applied. Should they be gently tossed, with a sweet smile, we may safely class them among the complimentary; but when thrown with violence, they are most decidedly offensive. They consist, in part, of oranges, lemons, large sugar balls, heavy bonbons, and bouquets in which the stem is the principal part.

The third class of missiles includes potatoes, pebbles, and cabbage-stalks, all of which are contraband.

The Corso is undoubtedly the headquarters of the Carnival; but it does not by any means monopolize all the fun. In order to prevent confusion, carriages are

compelled to follow each other in succession, keeping to the left, as the Roman law directs. To return to their place, they are obliged to make a detour through another street, generally the Ripetta; therefore the Ripetta becomes itself the scene of a small carnival. Moreover, all those pedestrian masks to whom acting is necessary, in order to freely exhibit the part which they have assumed, are obliged to seek a street not overcrowded, such as the Ripetta, in order to obtain an audience. The visitor, therefore, who wishes to freely enjoy the Carnival, must not neglect this street.

These pedestrian maskers are, to many, the most interesting part of the Carnival. Every one is sustaining a part; and not unfrequently two or three unite for this purpose. You will see banditti bending low, and stealing with stealthy steps around the corner, threatening to rob the unwary passer-by of his last sugar-plum. An elderly lady, apparently from the country, with a coal-scuttle bonnet and mask admirably adapted to express terror and confusion, rushes madly through the crowd at right angles, shrieking aloud for her lost child. A man bearing his wife on his back, and six children hung round, passes by; you laugh, but are deceived by the sight; nor is it until a close examination that you discover that, of all this interesting family, the man is only real—the wife and children being composed of papier-maché.

I observed a party of maskers in a car festooned with evergreen, and drawn by a donkey neatly dressed for the occasion in white pantaloons and brown coat, with his tail in a bag. The unfortunate animal walked

along with slow steps, apparently in a dream. He was completely confused, bewildered. No longer an inhabitant of this world, he was apparently in a transition state to that future life where according to the Pantagruelist, beasts change conditions with their masters.

Every one at Rome, as I have already intimated, either gives or receives flowers during this period. But how can this apply to young ladies who are doomed, by cruel fate or a cross papa, to sit in third, fourth, or even fifth-story windows, and watch the passers-by? Roman genius has surmounted this difficulty by an astonishing invention. This consists of a number of wooden bars, joined together in such a manner that when opened their united length is sufficient to reach the said window; but when closed and lying together parallel, they may be carried without difficulty under the arm. To open and shut these ingenious contrivances requires skill. When a gentleman wishes to convey a flower or bon-bon to a lady, he attaches it to the end of this machine and shoots it up to her window. She, detaching it, affixes another, which the machine, closing, with a noise like the report of a pistol, bears to its master.

The war with the plaster-plums rages to a terrible extent. English gentlemen and ladies are, however, the principal actors in this offensive warfare. They are the only persons who are so carried away by mad excitement and over-hearted enthusiasm, as to literally pour plaster by the peck upon passers-by, without distinction of age or sex. To protect yourself from

such foes, it is necessary to wear a wire mask, a blouse, a broad-brimmed white sombrero, and a smiling face, (for a Carnival mask doth hardly conceal the features). Thus armed and equipped according to universal custom, you may bid defiance to a pelting world. The Carnival of each day begins at two o'clock, and closes just before the Angelus, with a horse-race. The steeds—according to the universal custom which has given the street its name—run directly through the Corso, from the Obelisk to Torlonia's palace. In this race, the horses are without riders; and being goaded to the last pitch previous to the start, are urged on by the pricking and clattering of the sharp iron plates with which they are hung, as well as by the shouts of the spectators. So excited do the latter become at this spectacle, that it requires the utmost efforts, at the close of the race, for the soldiers to prevent them from rushing in and stopping the horses. Several times, during this present Carnival, men have been very seriously wounded by the bayonets of the guard.

And so it goes on, madder and madder, and wilder and wilder, like the witches' festival of a Walpurgis night. On the last day, the excitement is at its highest pitch. Flowers, bon-bons, and plums are thrown, poured, and shot with an unsparing hand. The number of carriages is doubled. Multitudes of maskers, hitherto unseen, make their appearance; while many of the old stagers vary their dresses in such a manner as to give a new interest in the scene. But the climax of this delirium appears in the hour succeeding the race of the last day. Then, indeed, the traveler

will behold a spectacle wilder, stranger, and more exciting than anything which he has ever before imagined.

I refer to the ceremony of "Extinguishing the Carnival," as it is termed—a ceremony in which every one bears a part. Let us imagine the masking and pelting of the day well over, and the revelers returning by thousands from the race. Suddenly a noise is heard in the direction of the Corso; and you, perceiving that all the maskers are bending their way thither, join them.

As you enter the Corso, a light like that of an immense conflagration appears. You press on, and as you enter, a sight meets your eyes, the like of which the world cannot furnish. The whole street, more than a mile in length, is crowded to suffocation with crowds of people, every individual bearing in his hands a torch or taper. Lights are flashing from roof and balcony, and their glare is reflected from the crimson and gold canopies which yet overhang the houses. The carriages still continue their course, but their occupants are holding tapers; and, at intervals, in the crowd, you see long poles to which lanterns are hung or torches tied. It would seem as if the entire population of Rome were bent on illuminating the Corso to the utmost extent. As you gaze, you perceive that these lights are continually being extinguished and relighted. Every individual appears bent on beating out his neighbor's light and preserving his own; and against every luckless wight whose tapers are thus extinguished, or who appears taperless on the ground, the cry of "Senza Mocclo" is raised by his more for-

tunate neighbors. These two words, signifying literally, "without a candle," are the only ones which are heard. Formerly, the cry raised during the "Extinguishment" was "*Sia ammazato chi non porta moccolo*"—"Let him who is without a taper be assassinated." But, in these days, assassination is becoming unpopular even in Rome. And the roar of the voices—which is truly overpowering—the red, flashing sheet, appearing in the distance like a gulf of fire, and the quaint devices which everywhere meet the eye, are enough, in truth, to make the spectator believe that all the wildest delusions, the maddest magic fantasies of the "House of Wrath," are being realized in the city of Rome.

The lights which are used in the "*Senza Moccolo*" consist of slender wax tapers with large wicks. Several of these are twisted together, and a large flame is thus produced, which it would be next to impossible to blow out with the breath. To effect the extinguishment of these, the Roman ties one end of a handkerchief to a switch, and thus armed, flaps away right and left. It sometimes occurs that, while thus employed, the candle-holder catches hold of the handkerchief. In such a case, if the captor be a foreigner, it is at once applied to the flame and burnt; but if a native, it is quietly pocketed.

One of the most astonishing points in these scenes is the perfect good humor which prevails throughout. An angry word, or even look, is very rare. "Were this thing tried among us," quoth Von Schwartz, my companion, from under his sombrero, "there would be

more than ten thousand fights, to the death, in less than three minutes."

Von Schwartz lost his temper once during the "Extinguishment." A very pretty young lady in a carriage having dropped her taper, Von Schwartz politely relighted it and returned it to her. And what did the fair Italian? She not only blew out his light, but actually snatched it from him.

"Oh, ye Roman ladies!" groaned Von Schwartz, "would that Juvenal were alive again, even for your sakes!"

And thus, in tumult and revel and wild uproar, ends the Carnival. But nothing strikes the observer more than the sudden transition to the gloom and silence of Lent. The sun which sets on the wildest gayety and confusion, rises on prayer, repentance, and fasting. The lord of misrule, who hath borne it bravely for a season in miniver and gold, now yields his crown to the friar and monk, who, in silent power, confess the sins of his followers. And at night when I sat alone, I strove to recall many of the events of the day; but in vain, for each memory vanished in a vague, wild sensation of indefinable excitement.

—*Meister Karl's Sketch-Book.*

HOME READING.

Hans Breitmann's Ballads.

Algonquin Legends of New England.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

Poet and Musician

On a cold night toward the close of December of 1753, George Washington and his guide, returning to Virginia from an expedition into the Ohio Valley to report the activities of the French and Indians, were cast upon a piece of land along the Allegheny river, about three miles above the present city of Pittsburgh. On this same tract, on the very day that Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died—the day also which marked the half-century of American freedom—Stephen Foster was born. It was in the village of Lawrenceville, named by the father of Stephen in honor of the famous captain of the ship Chesapeake.

The Scotch-Irish ancestors of young Foster were pioneers in Western Pennsylvania, in the days when the large Conestoga wagons were the vehicles of travel. A Foster was one of the first trustees of Canonsburg Academy, the first institution of learning west of the Alleghany Mountains, since known as Jefferson College, and more lately consolidated with Washington College. At Jefferson College Stephen received his higher schooling, and when graduated was proficient in French, German, and music.

When he was two years old, he is said to have picked out harmonies from the strings of his sister's guitar. He called this his "ittly pizanni" (little piano). At seven he first saw a flageolet, chanced upon in a music store, and in a few minutes he was playing in perfect time. Not long afterwards he learned to play upon the flute and the piano. With his natural genius for music he combined a deep study of the masters—Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. During this time also, he was the star performer of a company of actors consisting of the boys of the neighborhood, and had produced his first published song. Negro melodies were popular. Before he was twenty he had written the song, *Old Uncle Ned*, soon famous and sung everywhere. This was followed by *Oh, Susanna*, both of which were presented to a former music teacher.

He established a new era in melody and in the ballad. Thousands of persons were singing his compositions without even having heard of the youthful composer. The grotesque aspect, but his kindly treatment, of the negro aroused an interest in the lowly slave. Very soon requests began to pour in from big publishing houses, and he found a ready and profitable sale for all of his melodies.

One day Stephen went into the office of his brother in Pittsburgh and inquired the name in two syllables of a Southern river. The brother suggested Yazoo and Pedee, but neither suited the poet. An atlas was brought out and the map of the United States examined. The finger of the brother stopped on the word "Suwannee," a little river in Florida emptying

into the Gulf of Mexico. "That's it exactly," exclaimed Stephen. This incident resulted in *Old Folks at Home*, which begins "Way down upon de Swanee ribber."

A handsome setter, long his constant companion, was the original of *Old Dog Tray*. *Hard Times Come Again No More* preserves memories of childhood days when he attended church services with "Lieve," a colored girl bound to his father.

A trip by water from Pittsburgh to New Orleans furnished Foster with many incidents of Southern life, used by him in ballads.

His masterpieces are *Old Black Joe*, *Old Folks at Home*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, and *Massa's in de Cold Ground*.

(Born, July 4, 1826; died, January 13, 1864).

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND

Round de meadows am a ringing,
De darkies' mournful song,
While de mocking bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long,
Where de ivy am a creeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare old massa am a sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Down in de corn-field
Hear dat mournful sound:
All the darkies am a weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange tree am blooming,
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.

Massa made de darkies love him,
Cayse he was so kind,
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Cayse de tear-drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.

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York and Boston, publishers of *Old Plantation Melodies*.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebry where I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All 'round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a humming,
All 'round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

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HOME READING.

Old Uncle Ned.

My Old Kentucky Home.

Old Dog Tray.

FRANK R. STOCKTON

Journalist, Humorous Short Story Writer and Novelist

Francis Richard Stockton, who wrote under the name of Frank R. Stockton, by which he is known to the world, was born in Philadelphia, and received his education in the public schools of that city. On completing the course of study in the Central High School at the age of eighteen, he became a draughtsman and engraver. By close application to the details of his work, he was soon able to suggest and make some improvements in the art of engraving.

Tiring of this business, however, he drifted into journalism, finding employment on newspapers in New York and Philadelphia. This was the beginning of his literary career. His experience at engraving was helpful in that it gave a ready insight into details so essential to one who would plan, plot and develop stories. His first tales were written for children, published in magazines, but later collected in a volume entitled *Ting-a-Ling Stories*. On the establishment of *St. Nicholas*, a magazine now read by thousands of boys and girls, he became an assistant editor, and was instrumental in early attracting popular attention to the magazine.

In time he withdrew entirely from the business problems of magazines to devote the remainder of his life to the composition of short stories and novels. To promote his efficiency by undisturbed labors, he forsook the noise of the city for the quiet and inspiration of a beautiful country home. Everyone delights in the first book that he wrote, *Rudder Grange*, which narrates how a young couple kept house on a canal boat and took in a boarder. The quaint humorous words and actions of Euphemia and Pomona long recall moments of pleasurable reading.

The humor of Stockton stands alone in literature. Many have tried to imitate his methods, but none have succeeded. With the ease of one who is recording natural events, he places his characters in grotesque situations and then allows them to act in a matter-of-fact way. An additional charm of his humor consists in his ability to confine it to the few pages of a short story or to prolong it through a novel. Interesting examples of his peculiar gift are found in *The Transferred Ghost*, *A Piece of Red Calico*, and in the ever possible sorrow or joy of *The Lady or the Tiger?* These are found in a volume under the title *The Lady or the Tiger? And Other Stories*.

To appreciate his marvelous power of sustained humor, one should read *The Casting away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*. This is undoubtedly Stockton's masterpiece. An irresistible impulse to laugh seizes the reader from the very beginning when these two good New England women find themselves in a

sinking life-boat in the middle of the ocean. There is not a dull page in the novel. *The Dusantes* is the sequel to this droll story.

(Born, April 5, 1834; died, April 20, 1902).

THE TRANSFERRED GHOST

The country residence of Mr. John Hinckman was a delightful place to me, for many reasons. It was the abode of a genial, though somewhat impulsive, hospitality. It had broad, smooth-shaven lawns and towering oaks and elms; there were bosky shades at several points, and not far from the house there was a little rill spanned by a rustic bridge with the bark on; there were fruits and flowers, pleasant people, chess, billiards, rides, walks, and fishing. These were great attractions; but none of them, nor all of them together, would have been sufficient to hold me to the place very long. I had been invited for the trout season, but should, probably, have finished my visit early in the summer had it not been that upon fair days, when the grass was dry, and the sun was not too hot, and there was but little wind, there strolled beneath the lofty elms, or passed lightly through the bosky shades, the form of my Madeline.

This lady was not, in very truth, *my* Madeline. She had never given herself to me, nor had I, in any way, acquired possession of her. But as I considered her possession the only sufficient reason for the continuance of my existence, I called her, in my reveries,

mine. It may have been that I would not have been obliged to confine the use of this possessive pronoun to my reveries had I confessed the state of my feelings to the lady.

But this was an unusually difficult thing to do. Not only did I dread, as almost all lovers dread, taking the step which would in an instant put an end to that delightful season which may be termed the ante-interrogatory period of love, and which might at the same time terminate all intercourse or connection with the object of my passion; but I was, also, dreadfully afraid of John Hinckman. This gentleman was a good friend of mine, but it would have required a bolder man than I was at that time to ask him for the gift of his niece, who was the head of his household, and, according to his own frequent statement, the main prop of his declining years. Had Madeline acquiesced in my general views on the subject, I might have felt encouraged to open the matter to Mr. Hinckman; but, as I said before, I had never asked her whether or not she would be mine. I thought of these things at all hours of the day and night, particularly the latter.

I was lying awake one night, in the great bed in my spacious chamber, when, by the dim light of the new moon, which partially filled the room, I saw John Hinckman standing by a large chair near the door. I was very much surprised at this for two reasons. In the first place, my host had never before come into my room; and, in the second place, he had gone from home that morning, and had not expected to return for several days. It was for this reason that I had

been able that evening to sit much later than usual with Madeline on the moonlit porch. The figure was certainly that of John Hinckman in his ordinary dress, but there was a vagueness and indistinctness about it which presently assured me that it was a ghost. Had the good old man been murdered? and had his spirit come to tell me of the deed, and to confide to me the protection of his dear ——? My heart fluttered at what I was about to think, but at this instant the figure spoke.

“Do you know,” he said, with a countenance that indicated anxiety, “if Mr. Hinckman will return to-night?”

I thought it well to maintain a calm exterior, and I answered,—

“We do not expect him.”

“I am glad of that,” said he, sinking into the chair by which he stood. “During the two years and a half that I have inhabited this house, that man has never before been away for a single night. You can’t imagine the relief it gives me.”

And as he spoke he stretched out his legs, and leaned back in the chair. His form became less vague, and the colors of his garments more distinct and evident, while an expression of gratified relief succeeded to the anxiety of his countenance.

“Two years and a half!” I exclaimed. “I don’t understand you.”

“It is fully that length of time,” said the ghost, “since I first came here. Mine is not an ordinary case. But before I say any thing more about it, let

me ask you again if you are sure Mr. Hinckman will not return to-night."

"I am as sure of it as I can be of any thing," I answered. "He left to-day for Bristol, two hundred miles away."

"Then I will go on," said the ghost, "for I am glad to have the opportunity of talking to some one who will listen to me; but if John Hinckman should come in and catch me here, I should be frightened out of my wits."

"This is all very strange," I said, greatly puzzled by what I had heard. "Are you the ghost of Mr. Hinckman?"

This was a bold question, but my mind was so full of other emotions that there seemed to be no room for that of fear.

"Yes, I am his ghost," my companion replied, "and yet I have no right to be. And this is what makes me so uneasy, and so much afraid of him. It is a strange story, and, I truly believe, without precedent. Two years and a half ago, John Hinckman was dangerously ill in this very room. At one time he was so far gone that he was really believed to be dead. It was in consequence of too precipitate a report in regard to this matter that I was, at that time, appointed to be his ghost. Imagine my surprise and horror, sir, when, after I had accepted the position and assumed its responsibilities, that old man revived, became convalescent, and eventually regained his usual health. My situation was now one of extreme delicacy and embarrassment. I had no power to return to my

original unembodiment, and I had no right to be the ghost of a man who was not dead. I was advised by my friends to quietly maintain my position, and was assured that, as John Hinckman was an elderly man, it could not be long before I could rightfully assume the position for which I had been selected. But I tell you, sir," he continued, with animation, "the old fellow seems as vigorous as ever, and I have no idea how much longer this annoying state of things will continue. I spend my time trying to get out of that old man's way. I must leave this house, and he seems to follow me everywhere. I tell you, sir, he haunts me."

"Of course he couldn't," said the ghost. "But his very presence is a shock and terror to me. Imagine, sir, how you would feel if my case were yours."

I could not imagine such a thing at all. I simply shuddered.

"And if one must be a wrongful ghost at all," the apparition continued, "it would be much pleasanter to be the ghost of some man other than John Hinckman. There is in him an irascibility of temper, accompanied by a facility of invective, which is seldom met with. And what would happen if he were to see me, and find out, as I am sure he would, how long and why I had inhabited his house, I can scarcely conceive. I have seen him in his bursts of passion; and, although he did not hurt the people he stormed at any more than he would hurt me, they seemed to shrink before him."

All this I knew to be very true. Had it not been for this peculiarity of Mr. Hinckman, I might have been more willing to talk to him about his niece.

"I feel sorry for you," I said, for I really began to have a sympathetic feeling toward this unfortunate apparition. "Your case is indeed a hard one. It reminds me of those persons who have had doubles, and I suppose a man would often be angry indeed when he found that there was another being who was personating himself."

"Oh! the cases are not similar at all," said the ghost. "A double or doppel ganger lives on the earth with a man; and, being exactly like him, he makes all sorts of trouble, of course. It is very different with me. I am not here to live with Mr. Hinckman. I am here to take his place. Now, it would make John Hinckman very angry if he knew that. Don't you know it would?"

I assented promptly.

"Now that he is away I can be easy for a little while," continued the ghost; "and I am so glad to have an opportunity of talking to you. I have frequently come into your room, and watched you while you slept, but did not dare to speak to you for fear that if you talked with me Mr. Hinckman would hear you, and come into the room to know why you were talking to yourself."

"But would he not hear you?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" said the other: "there are times when any one may see me, but no one hears me except the person to whom I address myself."

"But why did you wish to speak to me?" I asked.

"Because," replied the ghost, "I like occasionally to talk to people, and especially to some one like your-

self, whose mind is so troubled and perturbed that you are not likely to be frightened by a visit from one of us. But I particularly wanted to ask you to do me a favor. There is every probability, so far as I can see, that John Hinckman will live a long time, and my situation is becoming insupportable. My great object at present is to get myself transferred, and I think that you may, perhaps, be of use to me."

"Transferred!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"What I mean," said the other, "is this. Now that I have started on my career I have got to be the ghost of somebody, and I want to be the ghost of a man who is really dead."

"I should think that would be easy enough," I said. "Opportunities must continually occur."

"Not at all! not at all!" said my companion quickly. "You have no idea what a rush and pressure there is for situations of this kind. Whenever a vacancy occurs, if I may express myself in that way, there are crowds of applications for the ghostship."

"I had no idea that such a state of things existed," I said, becoming quite interested in the matter. "There ought to be some regular system, or order of precedence, by which you could all take your turns like customers in a barber's shop."

"Oh dear, that would never do at all!" said the other. "Some of us would have to wait forever. There is always a great rush whenever a good ghostship offers itself—while, as you know, there are some positions that no one would care for. And as it was

in consequence of my being in too great a hurry on an occasion of the kind that I got myself into my present disagreeable predicament, I have thought that it might be possible that you would help me out of it. You might know of a case where an opportunity for a ghostship was not generally expected, but which might present itself at any moment. If you would give me a short notice, I know I could arrange for a transfer."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed. "Do you want me to commit suicide? Or to undertake a murder for your benefit?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" said the other, with a vapory smile. "I mean nothing of that kind. To be sure, there are lovers who are watched with considerable interest, such persons having been known in moments of depression, to offer very desirable ghostships; but I did not think anything of that kind in connection with you. You were the only person I cared to speak to, and I hoped that you might give me some information that would be of use; and, in return, I shall be very glad to help you in your love affair."

"You seem to know that I have such an affair," I said.

"Oh, yes!" replied the other, with a little yawn "I could not be here so much as I have been without knowing all about that."

There was something horrible in the idea of Madeline and myself having been watched by a ghost, even, perhaps, when we wandered together in the most delightful and bosky places. But, then, this was quite an exceptional ghost, and I could not have the objec-

tion to him which would ordinarily arise in regard to beings of his class.

"I must go now," said the ghost, rising, "but I will see you somewhere to-morrow night. And remember—you help me, and I'll help you."

I had doubts the next morning as to the propriety of telling Madeline anything about this interview, and soon convinced myself that I must keep silent on the subject. If she knew there was a ghost about the house, she would probably leave the place instantly. I did not mention the matter, and so regulated my demeanor that I am quite sure Madeline never suspected what had taken place. For some time I had wished that Mr. Hinckman would absent himself, for a day at least, from the premises. In such case I thought I might more easily nerve myself up to the point of speaking to Madeline on the subject of our future collateral existence; and, now that the opportunity for such speech had really occurred, I did not feel ready to avail myself of it. What would become of me if she refused me?

I had an idea, however, that the lady thought that, if I were going to speak at all, this was the time. She must have known that certain sentiments were afloat within me, and she was not unreasonable in her wish to see the matter settled one way or the other. But I did not feel like taking a bold step in the dark. If she wished me to ask her to give herself to me, she ought to offer me some reason to suppose that she would make the gift. If I saw no probability of such gen-

erosity, I would prefer that things should remain as they were.

That evening I was sitting with Madeline on the moonlit porch. It was nearly ten o'clock, and ever since supper-time I had been working myself up to the point of making an avowal of my sentiments. I had not positively determined to do this, but wished gradually to reach the proper point, when, if the prospect looked bright, I might speak. My companion appeared to understand the situation—at least, I imagined that the nearer I came to a proposal the more she seemed to expect it. It was certainly a very critical and important epoch in my life. If I spoke I should make myself happy or miserable forever; and if I did not speak I had every reason to believe that the lady would not give me another chance to do so.

Sitting thus with Madeline, talking a little, and thinking very hard over these momentous matters, I looked up and saw the ghost, not a dozen feet away from us. He was sitting on the railing of the porch, one leg thrown up before him, the other dangling down as he leaned against a post. He was behind Madeline, but almost in front of me, as I sat facing the lady. It was fortunate that Madeline was looking out over the landscape, for I must have appeared very much startled. The ghost had told me that he would see me some time this night, but I did not think he would make his appearance when I was in the company of Madeline. If she should see the spirit of her uncle, I could not answer for the consequences. I made no

exclamation, but the ghost evidently saw that I was troubled.

"Don't be afraid," he said—"I shall not let her see me; and she cannot hear me speak unless I address myself to her, which I do not intend to do."

I suppose I looked grateful.

"So you need not trouble yourself about that," the ghost continued; "but it seems to me that you are not getting along very well with your affair. If I were you, I should speak out without waiting any longer. You will never have a better chance. You are not likely to be interrupted; and, so far as I can judge, the lady seems disposed to listen to you favorably; that is, if she ever intends to do so. There is no knowing when John Hinckman will go away again; certainly not this summer. If I were in your place, I should never dare to make love to Hinckman's niece if he were anywhere about the place. If he should catch any one offering himself to Miss Madeline, he would then be a terrible man to encounter."

I agreed perfectly to all this.

"I cannot bear to think of him!" I ejaculated aloud.

"Think of whom?" asked Madeline, turning quickly toward me.

Here was an awkward situation. The long speech of the ghost, to which Madeline paid no attention, but which I heard with perfect distinctness, had made me forget myself.

It was necessary to explain quickly. Of course, it would not do to admit it was of her dear uncle that

I was speaking; and so I mentioned hastily the first name I thought of.

"Mr. Vilars," I said.

This statement was entirely correct; for I never could bear to think of Mr. Vilars, who was a gentleman who had, at various times, paid much attention to Madeline.

"It is wrong for you to speak in that way of Mr. Vilars," she said. "He is a remarkably well educated and sensible young man, and has very pleasant manners. He expects to be elected to the legislature this fall, and I should not be surprised if he made his mark. He will do well in a legislative body, for whenever Mr. Vilars has anything to say he knows just how and when to say it."

This was spoken very quietly, and without any show of resentment, which was all very natural, for if Madeline thought at all favorably of me she could not feel displeased that I should have disagreeable emotions in regard to a possible rival. The concluding words contained a hint which I was not slow to understand. I felt very sure that if Mr. Vilars were in my present position he would speak quickly enough.

"I know it is wrong to have such ideas about a person," I said, "but I cannot help it."

The lady did not chide me, and after this she seemed even in a softer mood. As for me, I felt considerably annoyed, for I had not wished to admit that any thought of Mr. Vilars had ever occupied my mind.

"You should not speak aloud that way," said the ghost, "or you may get yourself into trouble. I want

to see everything go well with you, because then you may be disposed to help me, especially if I should chance to be of any assistance to you, which I hope I shall be."

I longed to tell him that there was no way in which he could help me so much as by taking his instant departure. To make love to a young lady with a ghost sitting on the railing near by, and that ghost the apparition of a much-dreaded uncle, the very idea of whom in such a position and at such a time made me tremble, was a difficult, if not an impossible, thing to do; but I forbore to speak, although I may have looked my mind.

"I suppose," continued the ghost, "that you have not heard anything that might be of advantage to me. Of course, I am very anxious to hear; but if you have anything to tell me, I can wait until you are alone. I will come to you to-night in your room, or I will stay here until the lady goes away."

"You need not wait here," I said; "I have nothing at all to say to you."

Madeline sprang to her feet, her face flushed and her eyes ablaze.

"Wait here!" she cried. "What do you suppose I am waiting for? Nothing to say to me indeed!—I should think so! What should you have to say to me?"

"Madeline," I exclaimed, stepping toward her, "let me explain."

But she had gone.

Here was the end of the world for me! I turned fiercely to the ghost.

"Wretched existence!" I cried. "You have ruined everything. You have blackened my whole life. Had it not been for you"—

But there my voice faltered. I could say no more.

"You wrong me," said the ghost. "I have not injured you. I have tried to assist you, and it is your own folly that has done this mischief. But do not despair. Such mistakes as these can be explained. Keep up a brave heart. Good-bye."

And he vanished from the railing like a bursting soap-bubble.

I went gloomily to bed, but I saw no apparitions that night except those of despair and misery which my wretched thoughts called up. The words I had uttered had sounded to Madeline like the basest insult. Of course, there was only one interpretation she could put upon them.

As to explaining my ejaculation, that was impossible. I thought the matter over and over again as I lay awake that night, and I determined that I would never tell Madeline the facts of the case. It would be better for me to suffer all my life than for her to know that the ghost of her uncle haunted the house. Mr. Hinckman was away, and if she knew of his ghost she could not be made to believe that he was not dead. She might not survive the shock! No, my heart could bleed, but I would never tell her.

The next day was fine, neither too cool nor too warm; the breezes were gentle, and nature smiled. But there were no walks or rides with Madeline. She seemed to be much engaged during the day, and I saw

but little of her. When we met at meals she was polite, but very quiet and reserved. She had evidently determined on a course of conduct, and had resolved to assume that, although I had been very rude to her, she did not understand the import of my words. It would be quite proper, of course, for her not to know what I meant by my expressions of the night before.

I was downcast and wretched, and said but little, and the only bright streak across the black horizon of my woe was the fact that she did not appear to be happy, although she affected an air of unconcern. The moonlit porch was deserted that evening, but wandering about the house I found Madeline in the library alone. She was reading, but I went in and sat down near her. I felt that, although I could not do so fully, I must in a measure explain my conduct of the night before. She listened quietly to a somewhat labored apology I made for the words I had used.

"I have not the slightest idea what you meant," she said, "but you were very rude."

I earnestly disclaimed any intention of rudeness, and assured her, with a warmth of speech that must have made some impression upon her, that rudeness to her would be an action impossible to me. I said a great deal upon the subject, and implored her to believe that if it were not for a certain obstacle I could speak to her so plainly that she would understand everything.

She was silent for a time, and then she said, rather more kindly, I thought, than she had spoken before:

"Is that obstacle in any way connected with my uncle?"

"Yes," I answered, after a little hesitation, "it is, in a measure, connected with him."

She made no answer to this, and sat looking at her book, but not reading. From the expression of her face, I thought she was somewhat softened toward me. She knew her uncle as well as I did, and she may have been thinking that, if he were the obstacle that prevented my speaking (and there were many ways in which he might be that obstacle), my position would be such a hard one that it would excuse some wildness of speech and eccentricity of manner. I saw, too, that the warmth of my partial explanation had had some effect on her, and I began to believe that it might be a good thing for me to speak my mind without delay. No matter how she should receive my proposition, my relations with her could not be worse than they had been the previous night and day, and there was something in her face which encouraged me to hope that she might forget my foolish exclamations of the evening before if I began to tell her my tale of love.

I drew my chair a little nearer to her, and as I did so the ghost burst into the room from the doorway behind her, I say burst, although no door flew open and he made no noise. He was wildly excited, and waved his arms above his head. The moment I saw him, my heart fell within me. With the entrance of that impertinent apparition, every hope fled from me. I could not speak while he was in the room.

I must have turned pale; and I gazed steadfastly

at the ghost, almost without seeing Madeline, who sat between us.

"Do you know," he cried, "that John Hinckman is coming up the hill? He will be here in fifteen minutes; and if you are doing anything in the way of love-making, you had better hurry up. But this is not what I came to tell you. I have glorious news! At last I am transferred! Not forty minutes ago a Russian nobleman was murdered by the Nihilists. Nobody ever thought of him in connection with an immediate ghostship. My friends instantly applied for the situation for me, and obtained my transfer. I am off before that horrid Hinckman comes up the hill. The moment I reach my new position, I shall put off this hated semblance. Good-by. You can't imagine how glad I am to be, at last, the real ghost of somebody."

"Oh!" I cried, rising to my feet, and stretching out my arms in utter wretchedness, "I would to Heaven you were mine!"

"I *am* yours," said Madeline, raising to me her tearful eyes.

—*The Lady or the Tiger? And Other Stories.*

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HOME READING.

The Lady or the Tiger? And Other Stories.

The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.

Rudder Grange.

S. WEIR MITCHELL

Physician and Novelist

The great figure in the literary life of Philadelphia at the present time is Silas Weir Mitchell. Born in Philadelphia nearly eighty-five years ago, he has always claimed that city as his home. While in the Senior Class at the University of Pennsylvania, he was compelled to drop his studies because of illness; but later he completed the course in the Jefferson Medical College. Like the famous Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, he practiced medicine for a living, but his heart turned toward literature; not that Dr. Mitchell is not fond of medicine. He is. As a physician he has become a renowned specialist in nervous diseases. He delights in any study or labor which is beneficial to mankind.

Unlike most men of literature, Dr. Mitchell was past the period of youth when he experimented in the field of imaginative writing. At fifty years of age he was an eminent physician and contributor on medical subjects, but unknown to the great literary world of which he was later to become so distinguished a part. He holds honorary degrees from many of the leading

universities, both in this country and in Europe, for researches in medicine and for contributions in fiction.

He is a man of many public interests—the head of a hospital, a member of a dozen or more English, French, and German societies of arts and sciences, a trustee of universities, and a lecturer. For years he has been a leader at the Franklin Inn, the literary club of Philadelphia.

His life devoted to wide activities, he exacts from himself hours designated regularly for writing. This he has followed for years. He often rewrites a composition four or five times before allowing it to go to the publisher; in fact, several of his books have been printed and bound for his private corrections before final publication, in order that he might get a much better idea of the construction, form, and style. This means vast labor, particularly for a busy man.

Among Dr. Mitchell's best books for young people are *A Venture in 1777*, which is the story of how a boy aided the Patriots at Valley Forge; *Mr. Kris Kringle*, *The Youth of Washington*, *The Adventures of Francois*, for those who enjoy French history; and *Hugh Wynne*, an historical novel of Revolutionary days which makes the heart of young and old beat fast with adventure and love. Older persons will enjoy *The Autobiography of a Quack*, which relates the adventures that befell an ignorant, unscrupulous practitioner of medicine. Boys and girls who have a good knowledge of physiology will like *The Case of George Dedlow*. For a long time this was accepted as a real

case by the readers of *The Atlantic Monthly* in which it first appeared. *Dr. North and His Friends* is a good book.

It is worthy of note that one of the sons of Dr. Mitchell, Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, (born in Philadelphia on February 17, 1862), is a poet and writer of plays under the pen-name of "John Philip Varley." He is the author of *Becky Sharp* (a play).

(Born, February 15, 1829; living).

A VENTURE IN 1777

* * * * *

Just as they (the boys) were going noisily to bed a servant came in and said an orderly was without. He gave a paper to Verney, who awakened the Colonel and gave him a letter.

The Colonel rubbed his eyes and looked at it. "I hoped they had forgotten. Here are our orders to inspect the lines to-morrow on Mount Airy and Chestnut Hill."

"And here," said Verney, "is Montresor's map of the forts in and about the city. He promised me to send it as a guide to the outlying works." The twins having gone, Tom lingered unnoticed.

"Let me see the map," said the Colonel. They spread it on the table and began to consider it.

"May I look?" asked Tom, as usual, curious.

"Certainly," said Verney. "I will explain it to you. See, here are bastions and these dots the cannon. Here is the *tete du pont*, a work to defend the upper ferry."

"It is rather droll to me," said Count Einstein. "Eighteen thousand men ought to be bastions enough."

"Not for Sir William," laughed Verney.

"It is Montresor's own copy," said Grimstone. "It is signed."

"I should be pretty careful of it," said the Count, a brave and well-trained soldier.

This readiness to explain the plans to Mrs. Markham and her interested boy seemed to him unwise. More than once full knowledge of contemplated army movements had in some mysterious way reached the snow-bound enemy.

Mrs. Markham stood by looking over Tom's shoulder, and presently said, "It is quite incomprehensible to me. Do you understand it, Tom?"

"I think so. See, mother, in one place he marks a weak point."

"Have you, Mr. Verney, any such plans of the lines at Valley Forge?" she asked gayly.

"You had better inquire of Major Montresor," said the Count, not fancying the too-free talk.

"To exchange plans would simplify matters," said Mrs. Markham, from whom it is to be feared the twins inherited their capacity for mischief.

The Count, much the ablest of the three officers, looked up at her of a sudden grave. Tom, always on easy terms with Verney, went on eagerly asking intelligent questions.

"It is time, my son, you went to bed," said the mother. "If George Washington, Count, could make no more of that tangle of lines than I, you might safely make him a Christmas gift of it."

"Let him come and get it," laughed Verney.

"They are pretty poor with their Continental rag

money," growled Grimstone, "but I suppose that map would easily fetch—"

"Fetch!" broke in the Count, still less relishing the talk. "It would n't fetch five shillings." There was an unusually sharp note in his voice.

"Roll it up, Verney."

He was the senior officer present and Verney, at once recognizing the implied rebuke as something like an order, took the hint, saying, as he rolled the map, "I wanted to ask you if you thought—"

The Count put a hand on his shoulder with the slight pressure which gave force to his words as he said:

"We will talk of it, sir, another time. Permit me to say that if I were you I should be careful of that map." This was in an aside to Verney as the boy left them.

Among them they had set the adventurous mind of a fearless young rebel to thinking in a fashion of which they little dreamed.

"I shall be careful, sir," and then with his gay manner and the self-confidence of youth, he added: "What with the Gemini and Tom and the Colonel, it ought to be safe enough. What time should we go to-morrow, Colonel?"

"Nine will be early enough."

"Will you lend me your sable coat?" asked Verney of the Count.

"With pleasure."

"I like best my sealskin," said Grimstone. "It is not so heavy. Do you really mean to take the boys?"

"Of course I do. We want Tom to hold the horses while we tramp about, and the Gemini must have the frolic. I promised."

Tom listened, well pleased. He paused on his way to bed, and while the officers were studying Major Montresor's elaborate map, he pocketed the rough sketch of attack Verney had crumpled up and cast under the table.

The boy was by this time more than merely curious. Being intelligent and thoughtful, all this war talk interested him, and now for two years his father's letters while in service and the constant discussion he heard had rendered familiar the movements of the two armies and the changing fortunes of the war. The great value of the map of Sir William's chief engineer had been made plain to him, and his mother's gay suggestion that it would be a nice Christmas gift to Washington set the lad to planning all manner of wild schemes as he lay abed. He finally gave it up in despair. How could a boy manage to steal a map from a man like Verney and then get to Valley Forge? It was no use to bother about it, and he went to sleep.

CHAPTER II.

The boys were up early, over-joyed to see a brilliant, sunshiny day. Mrs. Markham provided an ample luncheon, and with Verney and the Colonel in front of the sleigh, and the twins and Tom well muffled up on the back seat, the party sped away, the snow creaking under the runners.

The twins talked, laughed and sang, while Tom sat still, thinking.

They paused again and again in Germantown and beyond it to inspect positions or to talk to officers. At Chestnut Hill they drove down the westward slope and finally came upon the farther picket line below the hill. Verney, an engineer officer, thought a field work was needed at this point. Accordingly, the two officers got out, leaving their fur overcoats in the sleigh, as the air was now warmer and they had to tramp some distance through the heavy drifts of snow.

The Colonel put Montresor's map in the pocket of his fur coat, which he folded and laid in the sleigh. Verney also left the Count's rich sable at the feet of the twins.

"We shall be gone half an hour, boys," said Verney. "Had we not better call a corporal from the fire yonder to stand by the horses?"

"Lord, man," said Grimstone, "they would stand till night. They are dead tired. Won't you want the map?"

"No," said Verney; "I know it by heart."

About a hundred yards distant was a great camp fire and just ahead of them an outlying picket of two soldiers, one on each side above the road. Tom sat on the front seat, the reins in his hand. Of a sudden a mad idea came into his mind.

The map was in the sleigh. The two officers were far away, tramping through the drifts. Before him lay the lonely highway. He would take the map to Washington. He forgot the peril of the mad venture

now tempting him, or gave it but a boy's passing thought. His summers had been spent at a farm near White Marsh. He knew the country well. The temptation was too much for him.

A man would have realized the difficulties and the danger for the smaller boys. He did not. A boy's mind is more simple. The risks for himself were merely additional temptations.

He stood up, the reins in his hand, and gazed anxiously after the retreating forms of the two officers. Then he turned to his brothers. "Get over in front, Bill; quick, and don't make a noise."

There was mischief in the air as Bill at once knew. He climbed over the seat and waited.

"Hold fast, Harry," said Tom.

"These horses are going to run away."

"Oh, let me out," cried Harry.

"No, hold on, and keep quiet."

"What fun," cried Bill. "We are to have a ride all to ourselves."

"Do you whack the horses, Bill. They'll go. Wait a moment." He gave one last look around him and ahead.

Beyond the picket the road ran straight for a mile. He had his moment of final hesitation, but it was soon over. No one was in sight near by, and his eyes roamed over the trackless vacancy of snow-clad spaces into which the highway disappeared.

"Are you ready, Bill?" he said, handing him the whip.

"All right," said Bill, seeing desirable mischief ahead and enjoying the prospect.

Harry was less eager, but, ashamed to confess his fears, said bravely, "Well, Tom, hurry up."

"Now," said Tom, "do you, Bill, hit the horses with the whip, not too hard. They'll go."

They did go, for Bill, enchanted, had to be stopped. In an instant they were off and away at a mad gallop over a much-used road.

"By George!" roared the Colonel.

"The horses have run away!"

The soldiers shouted, the picket ran down to the road, too late, and furious at this unwonted treatment the horses ran. A mile or more went by before the heavy snowdrifts of a less-used road lessened their speed. On a hill crest Tom stood up and looked back.

"Guess we are safe, boys," he said.

"It's good there are no horses about."

As the sleigh moved more slowly at a trot, Bill said, "It was a first-class runaway!" and Harry, reassured, asked if it wasn't time for lunch.

Tom said no, and kept his eye on the road, which by one o'clock became hard for the horses, as the drifts were heavier.

At last he pulled up for luncheon and to rest the team. As the twins were now pretty cold Tom got out the fur coats.

"There are only two," said Harry.

"Oh, I'll fix that," said Tom. And this was his way. He threw the heavy sable coat over the boys' shoulders, and while Harry put his right hand into the

right sleeve Bill put his left hand into the left sleeve. When Tom had them buttoned up, the two red faces being close together in the middle, he called them a double-headed bear and roared with laughter as he himself put on the Colonel's coat.

"Won't he say things!" said Bill, and they went on, but only at a walk. Harry did not like it, but, ashamed to confess his fears, kept quiet.

They met no one. The distant farms were hidden by the snow-laden forests. The drifts became heavier. Now they were off the road and now on. There were no marks of recent travel. It was Christmas, the farmers at home. Both the twins had become silent, Tom more and more anxious as he missed his well-known landmarks.

At last a dead tree on the road let him know that he was about six miles from the Forge. The horses had come quite nine miles or more through tiring drifts. Now and then their feet balled and Tom had to get down and beat out the packed snow.

Finally the horses could do no more than walk. It was well on to four o'clock, but at this he could only guess. He began to be troubled about the twins and a little to regret having made his venture. If they came to a stop with no house in sight, what could he do? To walk to the camp would be even for him hard and for the twins impossible.

Again he stopped the horses for a rest, a formidable drift lying ahead and filling the road.

By this time Bill had lost much of the joy of mischievous adventure. He began to think it was time

for them to return home and Harry had asked over and over how soon they would go back. Tom at length ceased to answer him as it drew toward evening.

There was a new sharpness in the air, a warning to Tom of what night would bring. He stood upon the seat and searched the white-clad land for a house or the wood opening which might lead to one. He saw no sign of habitation to which he could go in person for help. And how could he leave his brothers? Even to turn homeward in the narrow road among the drifts would have been, as he saw, quite out of the question. What else was there but to go on?

Even at this worst minute of his daring adventure the boy could have cried at the thought of failure. He felt the map and Verney's sketch under his waistcoat, thought of his father, a prisoner, and then cheering up the twins, used the whip on the weary horses, who plunged into the great mound of snow.

A trace snapped, the sleigh turned over on its side, the horses kicked, broke loose and fled away down the road and were soon lost to view.

Tom got on his feet and looked for the twins. For a moment they were out of sight. Then the huge drift began to shake and their four legs were seen kicking above the snow, whence Tom pulled out the two-headed bear. Bill laughed. Tom did not. Harry looked his alarm.

All three working hard were able to right the sleigh after beating away a part of the drift. After that they climbed in and ate what was left of the food,

but were not quite so merry as before, while Tom, made savage by failure, would neither eat nor talk.

At last he stood up on the seat.

"Shut up, Gemini," he said, "I hear something. Now," he said, turning, "mind you if these I hear are British we were run away with. Hush!" He heard in the sharp frosty air the clink of sabres and soon the thud of horses' hoofs in the snow.

CHAPTER III.

A moment after the runaway boys had heard the sound of horses in the snow, a dozen troopers of the Continental army were around them and a young officer rode up, while Harry whimpered and said, "Now we'll be killed."

"Great George!" cried the officer. "but here's a queer capture. Who the deuce are you?"

"I am Tom Markham, sir. My father is Colonel Markham, and these are my brothers."

When Allan McLane saw the two-headed bear he rocked with laughter as he sat in his saddle.

"And how did you get here?"

"We ran away with the horses of Colonel Grimstone and Captain Verney, and, sir, this was why we ran away." As he spoke he pulled out Montresor's map and the sketch.

McLane opened the paper. "By George, it's Montresor's own map. How did you get it?"

"They left it in the sleigh while they went to look at something this side of Chestnut Hill. Is it any use, sir?" added Tom anxiously.

"Any use, man! If General Washington doesn't

make you a colonel for this there is no use in man or boy trying to serve an ungrateful country."

Then the twins, feeling neglected, said, "We helped, too."

"I licked the horses," cried Bill.

"Aren't you cold, boys?"

"Yes, sir, but we never told Tom."

"By George, but you are a plucky lad. Take this two-headed animal, Sergeant. Mount one of them, coat and all, in front of you and be quick, or we shall have them frozen."

"The other may have my coat," said Tom.

"Good," said the Captain. "You shall wear my own cloak, my lad."

Seeing Harry's look of fright and the ready tears, he said: "It's all right, youngster. Don't you be afraid. We are all your friends and I know your father well."

Turning to Tom he said: "This way, my lad. Now then, give him a knee, Sergeant; so, a foot in my stirrup and up you go behind me. Now then, right about, by twos, march."

He went off at a sharp trot with Tom's arms around his waist.

"Hold on to the belt," he said.

"May I some day have a boy like you! I enlist you in my troop. You are one of Allan McLane's rangers. Hold hard. The road is better. I am going to gallop."

If ever there was a proud boy it was Tom Markham, for who did not know Allan McLane, the terror of outlying picket, the hero of a dozen gallant adventures.

"How are you, Gemini?" cried Tom, looking back.

"Oh, we're fine," roared Bill, his teeth chattering with cold.

At the river they were stopped a minute. McLane gave the pass-word, "Washington," and at dusk they tramped over the bridge and were at once among General Varney's brigades.

Bill had ceased to ask questions.

Harry, again uneasy at the sight of soldiers, wept unseen, and even Tom felt a certain awe at thus facing the unknown. He was more at ease as he saw hundreds of ill-clad men making merry in a wild snowball fight, shouting and laughing.

They rode in the gloom through dimly-seen rows of log huts, and at one of them McLane dismounted.

"Take your men in," he said to a Lieutenant. "Report at headquarters and say I shall be there in an hour." He lifted the twins from their perches and bade the three enter his hut. "This is my home, boys. Come in."

It was a tiny log cabin with a stone-built chimney and a big fire: wood alone was to be had—in plenty.

The twins felt better after he gave them in turn a teaspoonful or two of whiskey in water, laughed at their wry faces as they drank, set Harry on his knee, patted him on the back, and bade them make free of his stale biscuit and the potatoes he roasted in the hot ashes.

The twins, as they got warm in this pleasant company, talked of their adventures. Tom sat in silence.

"What's the matter?" asked McLane, getting only "yes" and "no" to his queries.

"I am thinking, sir, of my mother. Oh, but she will be troubled. I never thought of that when—"

"Be easy, my lad. To-morrow I am going into the city. I shall see her. When you can get back I do not know, but you will see the camp and the troops and get your share of a trooper's fare. When you are warm I want you to come with me, Tom."

"Yes, sir. I am ready now."

With a word to the twins he followed the Captain through the darkness.

The men were huddled around campfires and were cooking their scanty rations of pork and potatoes. Presently McLane paused at the door of a small stone house, the only one in the lines. A sentry walked to and fro before it.

McLane went in and said to an officer: "Mr. Tilghman, ask the General to see me. It is important."

In a few minutes the officer returned. "This way," he said.

Tom saw seated before the fire a large man in buff-and-blue uniform. He rose, saying, "What news have you, Captain?"

"This lad, sir, brought from the town at some peril this map and sketch. It seems to be some one's notion of an attack."

The tall officer put the sketch aside, but as he considered the map he said, looking up: "This is Major Montresor's own map and is invaluable. What is your name, my boy?"

"I am a son of Colonel Markham, sir."

"A most gallant officer. And how, my lad, did you happen to get this map?"

Tom was a little disturbed by this authoritative gentleman. Being a boy, he had, of course, been left standing, while McLane and the tall man were seated. He understood that he must stand until requested to sit, but it did add a little to a certain embarrassment, rare for Tom.

"Tell your story, Tom," said McLane.

"Well, sir, the horses ran away and the map was in the sleigh." Tom stopped. Action, not speech, was his gift, then and later.

"It is not very clear, but the lad is tired."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, without the least boy desire to describe what was a bold and dangerous adventure.

"Never mind your story now. Captain McLane will tell me later. You are a brave lad, and if God had given me one like you I should have been glad."

Tom felt somehow that he was well rewarded.

"But," added the tall man, setting kind, blue eyes on the lad, "this will make a great stir, and you will, I fear, suffer for it when you reach home."

"Yes, sir," said Tom. "And the twins?"

"Twins? What's this, McLane?"

"There were three in the business," said the Captain.

"Indeed. I wish there were as much spirit in the army."

"After all, sir," said McLane, "what can they do to a mere boy whose horses ran away?"

"But how are they to get to the city?"

"I will see to that, sir, and let Mrs. Markham know."

"Yes, yes, quite right. Now I must be excused." He rose and shook hands with Tom, and bowed to the officer.

"Come, Tom," said McLane.

Tom made his best bow and they went out into the cold December night. Then Tom asked, "Who was that General?"

"Good gracious, my boy, I thought you knew. That was General Washington. He might have thanked you more. But that's his way."

"I think he said enough, sir."

McLane looked at the young face, now elate and smiling and then quiet in thought.

The Lieutenant was waiting in the hut when Tom and the Captain returned.

McLane said: "I shall be away for a day or more. Their mother must hear news of these lads. I leave them in your care, Lieutenant."

"Yes, sir."

The Captain said good-by and was gone for two days.

Meanwhile the story was told by the troopers and soon repeated at the campfires, where the men amused themselves mightily with the twins and their narratives.

* * * * *

This selection is used through the courtesy of George W. Jacobs Company, Philadelphia.

HOME READING.

A Venture in 1777.

Mr. Kris Kringle.

The Adventures of Francois.

Hugh Wynne.

LLOYD MIFFLIN

Artist and Poet

Of living American poets Lloyd Mifflin, of "Norwood," near Columbia, ranks among the greatest. This region has always been his home—among the broad fields and sloping hills of Lancaster County, and in view of the tumbling waters of the Susquehanna. It is a fit abiding place for an artist and poet.

Under his father who was an able portrait painter, the boy received his first instructions in painting. Later he spent several years in Germany and Italy studying under private masters. His works have been exhibited in this country and in Europe. Some of his richest scenes are taken from the familiar surroundings of his own home.

Failing health caused him to apply himself to literary studies, and what so natural that one skilled as a landscape painter should find himself adapted to another form of the fine arts! Almost from the beginning he found ready acceptance from an appreciative public, particularly in England where critics linked his name with that of the great Wordsworth. In America recognition came somewhat more slowly, not from critics, for they praised his poems, but from

readers. The reason for this is perhaps found in the form of his verse. He excels as a writer of sonnets, and only a student of poetry can appreciate this perfection of form which has so many rigid rules for composition. *The Leaf Drifted Aisles* and *Across the Years*, found in a volume of *Collected Sonnets*, are graceful, beautiful, and musical.

Most of his poems—he has written about twelve volumes—do not lend themselves to easy interpretation for school boys and girls; yet some are enjoyed by all persons. Perhaps the most appealing volume is *The Fleeing Nymph*, in which will be found, among others, *Peace to the Brave!* This poem was written at the request of the Witness Tree Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution on the occasion of the unveiling of a cenotaph, October 5, 1899, at Donegal Churchyard, to the memory of the Revolutionary soldiers who enlisted from Lancaster county. Donegal is near the home of Mr. Mifflin.

(Born, September 15, 1846; living).

PEACE TO THE BRAVE

Peace to the Brave! They do not need our praising,
For in all hearts is treasured every name;
Yet for the future we to-day are raising
A tablet to their fame.

And while the trees put on their fading splendors
And droop their banners like to knights of old,
Let Freedom drop a tear for her defenders,
Now crumbled into mould.

They are not dead so long as recollection
Triumphantly proclaims their dauntless part;
But they shall live in sanctified affection
Templed within the heart.

If some, perchance, were of a lowly station,
They are ennobled beyond mortal breath;
Co-equal with the proudest of the Nation,—
Made eminent by Death.

O'er those who die for Fame there rests a beauty
Dimmed by the human craving for renown;
But on these patriots' brows, the angel Duty,
Enwreathed her purest crown.

Here their descendants, rapt in veneration,
In distant days full many an hour shall stand:
The alien, too, shall bend in adoration
O'er these who freed a Land.

Sometimes in Spring, with flowers as a token,
Children of sires as yet unborn, may come,
And place around this shaft, then still unbroken,
Their wreaths of laurel-bloom.

Far from this vale, the heroes, lone, are lying
In peaceful fields now tilled by happier men;
The patriots fell, but each dim eye in dying
Looked to these dales again.

Some near the Wissahickon shades are sleeping;
On far Long Island some as bravely died;
And sylvan Brandywine has in her keeping
Some whom death glorified.

Forget not those—the warriors worn and gory—
Who sought their homes when honored scars were
They only lacked the great and crowning glory [healed;
Of dying on the field.

Still may the Morning with her roseate finger
Touch these engraven names with gracious light;
Still may the sunset round this tablet linger,—
The stars keep watch by night.

O shade the spot, historic oaks centennial,
Here by the ancient Kirk of Donegal;
Ye evergreens, and church-yard pines perennial,
Stand sentry round the wall!

O River, with your beauty time-defying,
 Flowing along our peaceful shores to-day,
 Be glad you fostered them—the heroes lying
 Deep in the silent clay!

Be jubilant, ye hill-tops, old and hoary,—
 Proud that their feet have trod your rocky ways;
 Rejoice, ye vales, for they have brought you glory
 And ever-during praise!

We leave their memory to the hearts that love them;
 Their sacrifice shall still remembered be;
 The very cloud shall pause, in pride, above them
 Who fought to make us free!

With the long line that files into Death's portal
 They pass with honor blazoned on each breast;
 They camp afar, upon the Plains Immortal,
 Each in his tent of rest!

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HOME READING.

To the Meadow Lark.

To the Iris.

Return, O Spring!

To an Old Venetian Painting (Sonnet).

Note—These poems are found in the volume entitled *The Fleeing Nymph*, published by Small, Maynard & Company, of Boston.

ELIZABETH LLOYD

Teacher, Journalist, Poet, and Short Story Writer

Elizabeth Lloyd was born on Christmas Day, near the village of Dolington, Bucks County. By birth-right she was a Friend, descended from the Lloyds who came to this country with William Penn; an abolitionist, a believer in woman's rights, peace, and total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco.

Tradition says that she learned her letters before she was two years old from the alphabet on the rim of the little tin plate from which she ate, and that when her mother was teaching her brother, three and a half years older, to spell words of three letters in Comly's spelling book, Elizabeth lay on the floor and pronounced them for him. Be that as it may, in some way she learned to read before she was four years old.

The first book which she remembers reading was an illustrated paper-back version, for children, partly in prose and partly in rhyme, of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. When she was six her father read the entire book aloud to the family in the evenings, and soon afterwards she read it through for herself, again and again.

At three years of age she knew by heart and recited to admiring friends Mrs. Heman's *Better Land*, Charles Mackay's *Inquiry*, and a poem called *Good Morning to God*. When she was seven she began learning by heart for the pleasure of it such poems as appealed to her. Among these were Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* and Whittier's *Yankee Girl*.

She cared little for dolls, except to play school with them. When four years old she decided to be a teacher when she grew up, and never wavered from that decision. The school which she attended was very large, and her greatest joy was in being permitted to help the teacher by instructing the little ones to read and spell. Her favorite amusement as a child, was playing horse. The only joy that was greater was riding or driving a real horse, which she was allowed to do at an early age.

When she started to school, at the age of seven, she was placed in the Third Reader class. Every Friday afternoon the pupils wrote compositions or "spoke pieces."

Among her favorite authors at an early age were Bryant, Byron, Burns, Ruskin, Scott, Dickens, Hugo, Addison, and Macaulay. At Millersville Normal School, from which she graduated in the Scientific Course, she made good use of the Page Library, devoting much of her time to reading.

She was a teacher for thirty years, a great deal of the time in Friends' Schools. Her first writing for

pay was to report lectures for a weekly newspaper. Later she wrote a series of articles signed Ruth Craydock, dealing with the problems of life with special stress on the bringing up of children. "Being unmarried," she says, "I knew all about this." Since that time she has been regularly engaged in journalistic and literary work.

Some time in the seventies the Friends' Book Association offered a prize of three hundred dollars for the best story for children embodying Friends' principles, and she began *The Old Red School House* with that thought in mind. After writing two or three chapters, something occurred, so occupying her time that the manuscript was put aside and forgotten. No story, worthy of the prize, was written within the prescribed limit, and the offer was not renewed. When teaching the Buckingham Friends' School, she chanced upon the chapters written long before, re-wrote them and added the remaining chapters, reading the story to her pupils as she progressed. It is enjoyed by young people. A little Baltimore girl recently remarked gravely to her aunt that of all the books she had read, she thought *The Old Red School House* had done her the most good.

Miss Lloyd has composed many poems, which have appeared in newspapers and magazines, but these have never been collected in one volume. The most widely known, *The Song of the Twentieth Century*, has been set to music. This lyric was praised by President Benjamin Harrison whose words, "Christ in

the heart, and his love in the nation, is the only cure for the ills which threaten us to-day," inspired the composition.

Miss Lloyd is now associate editor of the *Friends' Intelligencer*.

(Born, December 25, 1848; living).

FRANK'S PASSION

During the first three weeks of school, Frank Sherwood behaved himself so well in every respect that Miss Hammond decided she need not apprehend any trouble in that direction; but when she expressed this opinion to her Uncle John, he only said as before: "Wait and see; you don't know Frank Sherwood yet. He's on his good behavior now, but he'll get mad some of these days, and then look out!"

Miss Hammond reasoned that if she always treated him well, he would have no cause to be angry with her, and so there would be no difficulty, but still her uncle shook his head, and said: "Wait and see!" And before the fourth week had ended, she was obliged to admit that Uncle John was right.

One morning Frank got up in a bad humor; as a consequence of this several things went wrong at home, and by the time he reached school he was feeling far from amiable; then to make the matter worse, he got into a dispute with Harry Harper over a game of ball, so that by the time school called he wore a very cloudy face indeed.

According to the program his class had spelling for the first lesson in the morning, and spelling was

harder for Frank than any of his other studies; not that he was a very poor speller, but he did not excel in that, as he did in mathematics and some other branches. But Harry Harper, who was poor in the other lessons, was a natural speller, and was usually at the head of the class.

A few days before the morning referred to, Frank had got above Harry, and was working hard to keep his place, while Harry was making just as great efforts to get him down again. The spelling-class was called, as usual, and the lesson proceeded smoothly enough until the last time around, when the word "separate" was given to Frank. Without the slightest hesitation he said, "s-e-p-e-r-a-t-e, separate," but almost before he had time to pronounce it Harry said, "s-e-p-a-r-a-t-e, separate," and started to go above him.

"No you don't, either," said Frank, angrily; "that's just the way I spelled it."

"You said 'e' instead of 'a'," said Miss Hammond, quietly.

"I didn't either; I said 'a'," replied Frank now in a white heat of passion.

"Frank, you are forgetting yourself," replied his teacher, firmly; "move down and let Harry go above you."

Frank said nothing more, but he did not move an inch; however, as there was plenty of room, Harry stepped back and went above him, and then a few more words were given out, and the class was dismissed.

The next duty of the morning was to prepare the

arithmetic lesson, but Frank seemed determined not to do anything right if he could possibly avoid it. The day before, he had brought a book to school in which he was very much interested, and after preparing his lessons, had taken it out to finish reading it; but when Miss Hammond told him she preferred he would not read anything of the kind in school, he had promptly put it away.

He had forgotten to take it home with him, and when he went to his seat from his spelling-class, instead of going to work at his arithmetic, he took out the forbidden book and began to read. His teacher saw what he was doing, but thought it best not to take any immediate notice of his disobedience.

When the arithmetic class was called up to recite, she purposely gave Frank the hardest example in the lesson. He could have worked the question easily enough if he had been as clear-headed as usual, but there was one point in it which required close thought, and that he was not in a condition to give; so when all the rest of the class had done their examples and explained them, he was still working away at the blackboard, and getting more and more out of humor every moment.

When Miss Hammond asked how many of the class had worked all the questions at their seats, all hands were raised but Frank's.

"How many of them did you work, Frank?"

"Not any of them."

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't feel like it."

Miss Hammond began to think that there was some truth in Uncle John's remark that it was easier to talk about obedience than to secure it, but if she had any doubt as to the result of this contest she did not show it either in face or voice. Before Frank had the slightest suspicion of what she was going to do, she walked over to his seat, took the book he had been reading, and put it in her own desk; then she said in the quietest voice possible:

"Frank, you must work all the examples in this arithmetic lesson before you can come to any other recitations;" then she dismissed the class.

After Frank resumed his seat he did not offer to touch his arithmetic, but sat for a long time in moody silence, and tried to convince himself that he had been very badly used indeed. At length he grew so tired of doing nothing that he took out his reader, and made believe to be very much interested in reading pieces that he already knew almost by heart. At noon he took his accustomed place on the playground as though nothing had happened; and when school called again, he busied himself with his geography and grammar. But in spite of all his efforts time hung heavily on his hands, and he found it very dull work to be obliged to remain in his seat all the time, while the others went to class.

He began to wonder whether he had spelled that word incorrectly in the morning; he certainly meant to say *a* but then he might have said *e*; and at any rate, he knew he had done wrong to speak as he did, and he knew he had been doing wrong ever since. If

Miss Hammond had only been angry with him he could have borne it better, for then he would have had no thought of yielding; but she looked so very sorry that at length he began to be ashamed of himself, and finally he concluded to do the sums and make no more fuss about it.

When he took out his slate and book Miss Hammond felt more relieved than she would have been willing to admit, but the end was not yet, as she soon found. There was no difficulty until Frank came to the example he had failed to solve in the morning, and that would not come right, let him try as he would. He knew his teacher would help him if he asked her, but he was too proud to do that, so after trying several ways of working the problem, and failing in all, his ill-humor returned, and in a fit of passion he threw the book half-way across the room.

As soon as he had done this he involuntarily looked at Miss Hammond, and her eyes met his and held them; she did not utter a word, but merely motioned with her hand for him to pick up his book, and he obeyed almost before he knew it. As soon as he had taken up the book he was provoked at himself for having done so; he could not understand the magnetic power that had constrained him to obey against his will; but he did not dare to throw the book down again, and so sat and fumed for the rest of the afternoon, inwardly resolving that the next time Miss Hammond ordered him to do anything he'd show her that he was not so easily conquered.

When the time for dismissing came Miss Hammond asked:

"Frank, how many of those questions have you done?"

"All but one."

"Why haven't you done that, too?"

"Because I can't."

"Some of the others in the class worked it without assistance, and if they could do it you can. I wish you to master it before you go home."

Frank said nothing, but when school was dismissed he started to go out with the others. Miss Hammond called to him, "Frank, if you go home without doing that question, you need not come back."

He went out as though he had not heard her, but instead of going home, he turned the other way with Ned Mathews, as he very often did.

He put his arm around Ned's neck, as he had the habit of doing (for he was a little the taller) and the two walked up the road together, talking on all imaginable subjects except the one that was uppermost in both their minds.

When they reached Mathews' gate, Frank said, "Good night, old boy," and turned to go, but Ned held him a moment, and said with an effort,

"I say, Frank, if Miss Hammond is at the school-house when you go back, you'd better go in and do that question. We can't get along at school without you, old fellow." Frank made no reply, but he choked down a lump in his throat and started back.

For the first time that day he was alone, and as

he walked slowly back, with the fresh breeze cooling his brow, his thoughts were very busy. Ned's words had touched him in a tender place, for his school was very dear to him, and he could not bear to think of leaving it; and notwithstanding his boast to 'Squire Hammond that there were plenty of schools in America, he knew his father would be deeply mortified if he were expelled from Hillside. Then he remembered all his good resolutions, and wondered what Miss Hammond thought of him now; he began to realize how foolish he had been, and to wish himself back in the school-room.

When he came in sight of the house he saw that it was still open, and he walked more slowly, wishing to go in and yet not quite willing to yield, lacking courage to acknowledge himself in the wrong.

While he was still undecided what to do, the words of the verse that he had read the morning he was teacher came to him again, and he said to himself, " 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city,'—I understand what that means now, for I'd rather march up to the cannon's mouth than into that school-house door. But I'll do it, if it is hard work; I'm not going to own myself a coward." And as he made this resolution he quickened his step and walked bravely into the school-room.

When Frank had gone out without heeding her words, Miss Hammond had felt more disappointed than she was willing to admit to herself; but as soon as she saw him turn the other way with Ned, the hope sprang up within her that he would come back in a

better frame of mind; so she busied herself with some writing and awaited his return. When she saw him come back so slowly, her hopes grew stronger, and when he walked into the room her heart uttered a fervent thanksgiving; for she loved this wayward boy, and her faith was strong that he would yet develop into a noble man.

Not a word was spoken by either, but when Frank saw the glad look in his teacher's eyes, he felt well repaid for the struggle it had cost him to come back. He went directly to his seat and attacked the troublesome problem with a will that was not to be daunted this time, and in a few minutes he had mastered the difficult point and obtained the result; then he went to Miss Hammond and handed her his slate, still without saying a word.

She glanced at it, and said with a smile, "I knew you could do it if you wanted to."

Frank colored and looked down, but although he would have liked to say a great deal the words would not come. Miss Hammond perceived how he felt, and putting down the slate she asked quietly, "Frank, will you tell me why you came back?"

This gave Frank the opportunity he was waiting for, and yet it was not easy to make use of it; but he never did things by halves, and so he answered bravely:

"I came back partly because I thought you would like to know that I was ashamed of myself; I don't think I spelled that word wrong this morning, but I oughtn't to have said what I did."

"Thank you, Frank; you have gained a great victory, and I congratulate you."

Again there was a silence, broken at length by the inquiry, "You said 'partly'; what was your other reason?"

It was a hard question to answer; he almost wished she had not asked it; that lump came in his throat again, and he dared not trust himself to speak, but he picked up the little Bible that was lying on her desk, and after some search he found the 16th chapter of Proverbs and handed it to her with his finger on the 32d verse. She read it and then looked up with pleasant surprise; she had expected any answer rather than this.

"I am very glad, Frank; that is one of my favorite verses, and I was going to give it to you for a help; I did not know you knew it already."

"But it's such hard work, Miss Hammond; I've been trying for more than a month, and I thought I was all right, but to-day I've been worse than ever."

"You have just been studying the history of the Revolution; was Washington always victorious?"

"No; he was defeated over and over again."

"And did he give up because of this?"

"No, indeed; he kept on fighting until the British got tired trying to whip him; they said the Yankees didn't know when they were beaten!"

"Then I want you to be a true Yankee, and not give up in despair because you have failed once."

Frank looked very thoughtful for a few moments and then he said, "But it isn't quite the same thing,

Miss Hammond. If I have anything to do, I'll work at it as long and try again as often as anybody; but when something happens that I don't like, I get mad before I know it, and don't think about ruling my spirit until it is too late."

"A great deal better late than not at all. Shall I tell you two things that I think will help you not to get angry so easily?"

Frank looked his assent, and she continued. "In the first place, whenever you get in a passion, and say and do things that hurt or offend others, make it a rule to apologize for it afterward, just as you have done this time; now that you have owned yourself in the wrong you will not be so apt to speak angrily to me again. Every time that you conquer your passion you will grow stronger, until at last you can hold your temper, just as a good horseman controls a spirited steed. But there is only one sure way to succeed in ruling your spirit; whenever you get into a passion, ask God to forgive you, and to give you strength to resist the next temptation. We cannot hope to succeed in the battle of life without God's help."

Frank's eyes fell again, and after a little while he asked, "May I go now?"

"Not yet; there is one more point to be considered. If you come into school to-morrow morning, how will the other pupils know that I have not broken my word about your not coming back? Will you tell them how it was, or shall I?"

This was just the point that Frank had hoped would be left unsettled, for the hardest part of the

coming back was the thought of the taunts he would have to bear because he had backed down; but he knew it was only just to Miss Hammond that the exact truth should be known, so he said at once:

"I'd rather do it, if you please; I will tell them before school calls."

"Then I will not keep you any longer. Continue as you have begun and you will learn self-control; don't be discouraged if you fail sometimes, but try again; and with God's help you will be successful in the end."

Frank bade her good-night and walked home with a very thoughtful face; he resolved to work harder than ever to gain Miss Hammond's good opinion; but he did not ask God to forgive him for his passion. He had yet to learn that the strongest of us are weak without His hand to help us over the hard places in life's road.

—*The Old Red School House.*

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SONG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

“Christ in the heart and his love in the nation!”

Stronger are these than the gun or the sword;
Dawns the new day of our country's salvation,
Cleansed from her sins by the might of the Lord.

Christ in the human heart,
Teach us the better part,
Save us from treachery, battle, and greed;
Love be the nation's word,
By every people heard,
Love for humanity in its great need.

Angels of Bethlehem, sound your glad chorus,
Thrilling our souls by its message divine;
Warfare and carnage no more shall rule o'er us,
Brightly the star of our Saviour shall shine.
Star of the Prince of Peace,
Bring to us swift release,
Let not our brothers their brothers destroy;
Lead us to truly pray,
Show us the higher way,
Teach us that living for others is joy.

Flag of our fathers, float on in thy glory!
Always thy red stand for justice and law,
Ever thy white tell the sweet gospel story,
Never thy blue in its truth show a flaw,
And every lustrous star
Shine from thy folds afar,
Over a people united and free,
Guarding this flag above,
Keep us, O God of Love,
Loyal to country, to manhood, and Thee.

HOME READING.

The Old Red School House.

THOMAS ALLIBONE JANVIER

Essayist, Writer of Adventures and Short Stories

Thomas A. Janvier was born in Philadelphia, and received an elementary education in the public schools of that city. He never went to college, but like many men and women who were deprived of opportunities for higher schooling he obtained his advanced learning in the greatest of all schools—the school which presents the problems of human living.

At an early age he obtained employment on a daily newspaper, and soon thereafter became an editorial writer for *The Press*. During the next few years, through connection with several other journals in the city, he acquired knowledge and training of prime value. This was followed by a prolonged period of travel, not as a swiftly-flying tourist, but as a resident. For the greater portion of six years he was intimately associated with Spanish life in America—in Mexico and New Mexico. Here he absorbed traditions and other material which he wrought into interesting adventures for *The Aztec Treasure House*, *Stories of Old New Spain* and *Legends of the City of Mexico*. A European journey brought forth *An Embassy to*

Provence. Historical sketches entitled *In Old New York*, written about twenty years ago, are still popular.

Mr. Janvier now claims New York City as his residence, although most of his time is spent abroad.

An older sister, Margaret Thomson Janvier, born in New Orleans, lives in Philadelphia. Under the name of Margaret Vandegrift she has written many pleasing juvenile stories and verses, including *Under the Dog-Star* and *Umbrellas to Mend*.

(Born, July 16, 1849; living).

THE VENGEANCE OF THE GODS

Almost in the moment that we thus found ourselves in condition to show fight again, the need for fighting seemed like to be forced upon us; for as we turned to leave the treasure-chamber we were startled by hearing a creaking sound that we knew came from the sliding upward of the grating in its metal grooves wherewith the entrance to our prison was made fast.

We paused for a moment, and then Young motioned to me to follow him, stepping lightly; and as we came out into the oratory we heard a fresh creaking, by which we knew that the grating had been closed.

"I guess it's only th' fellow puttin' in th' grub," Young whispered. "But go easy, Professor, an' have your guns all handy, so's you can shoot. If anybody has come in it won't do t' let 'em get out again. Only mind you don't shoot unless you really have to. If there's only two or three of 'em we'd better try t' club 'em with our Winchesters, so's not t' bring all hands down on us with a rush before we can get Rayburn away."

As he spoke, we were assured that some one had entered when the grating was raised and had remained on our side of the grating when it was closed again,

for we heard footsteps in the room where we ordinarily lay; and then the footsteps drew nearer, as though the unseen person were examining the other rooms in search of us, and we knew that in another moment or two this person would enter the chamber wherein we were. Rayburn was lying so quietly that it seemed as though he had fallen into a swoon again; and Pablo, as we could tell by hearing his sobs, had betaken himself to the room in which El Sabio was tethered, in search of solacing companionship. Young motioned me to stand on one side of the entrance to the oratory, and himself stood on the other; and thus we waited, while the footsteps rapidly drew nearer, in readiness most effectually to cut off the retreat of whoever might enter the room.

The man who did enter, passing between us, was the Priest Captain. As he saw the wreck of the idol, and the opening in the wall behind where the idol had stood, he uttered an exclamation of alarm and rage; and in the same moment some instinctive dread of the danger that menaced him caused him to turn suddenly around. So, for an instant, he confronted us—and never shall I forget the look of malignant hatred that was in his face as in that instant he regarded us, nor his quick despairing gesture at the sight of Young standing there with his rifle raised. Even as he opened his mouth to cry out, before any sound came from his lips, the heavy barrel of Young's rifle swept downward, and with a groan he fell.

Had the blow struck fairly it could not but have split the man's skull open; but he swerved aside a

little as the rifle came down, and the weight of the stroke, glancing from his head, fell upon his shoulder. In an instant, dropping his rifle, Young was kneeling on his breast with a hand buried in the flabby flesh of his old throat, holding tight-gripped his windpipe. Excepting only Rayburn, Young was the strongest man I ever knew (though, to be sure, at that time he was weakened by his then recent wound and by the privations of his imprisonment), yet it was all that he could do to hold that old man down and to maintain his choking grasp. With a most desperate energy and a fierce strength that seemed out of all nature in a creature so lean and old and shrivelled, the Priest Captain writhed and struggled in his efforts to throw Young off, and sought also to grasp Young's throat with his long bony hands—while foam gathered on his thin lips, and his withered brown face grew black with congested blood, and his black eyes protruded until the half of the eyeballs, bloody with bursting veins, showed around the black, dilated pupils. And then his struggles slowly grew less and less violent, his knotted muscles gradually relaxed, his mouth fell open so that his tongue lolled out hideously, his legs and arms twitched a little spasmodically—and then he lay quite still. For a minute or two longer Young maintained his grasp. Then rising to his feet, breathing heavily, he wiped the sweat from his face as he exclaimed, at the same moment giving the dead body a vicious kick: "You black devil, take that! Now I've squared accounts with you for killin' th' Padre—and it's the best day's work I've ever done!"

Though the struggle between the two had been a very desperate one, there had been no noise about it. Through the whole fight Rayburn had remained buried in his death-like stupor; and Pablo, though so near to us, had heard no sound of it at all.

"Now, then, Professor," Young said, when he had got his wind back, "we've got t' bounce. Th' first thing t' do is t' fasten that gratin' on our side, so's nobody can get in here t' bother us while we're doin' our skippin'. I guess we can sort o' wedge it fast so's t' stand 'em off for an hour or two, anyways, an' that's time enough to give us a fair start."

"We can do something better than that, I think," I said, as we went together towards the grating. "Unless I am much mistaken, only the Priest Captain knew about this sliding door and the treasure-chamber beyond it. If we can restore to their places those three plates and can close the door behind us, I am persuaded that so far as pursuit of us is concerned we shall be absolutely safe."

"Gosh!" Young exclaimed. "D' you know, Professor, I wouldn't 'a' given you credit for havin' that much common-sense. It's a big idea, that is, an' we'll try it on. But, all th' same, we've got t' make things as sure as we can, an' this little job must be attended to first."

As we approached the grating we saw two of the temple guard standing outside of it, apparently waiting for the Priest Captain's return; and these men looked at us with such evident suspicion that I feared for the success of our plans. "Talk to 'em,"

said Young, hurriedly. "Talk to 'em about th' last election, or chicken-coops, or anything you please, while I take a look 'round an' see how we're goin' t' get this job done."

Young dropped behind me, and then aside and so out of sight, as I advanced to the grating and spoke to the men, whose faces somewhat cleared as I told them that the Priest Captain desired that they should wait there a little longer. And then I managed to hold their interest for some minutes while I spoke about the devil that was in El Sabio, and about other devils of a like sort whom I had known in my time. While I thus spoke I heard a little tinkling sound, as of metal striking against stone—but if the soldiers also heard they paid no attention to it—and then Young whispered, "We're solid now; come on!" Whereupon I quickly ended my imaginative discourse upon demoniac donkeys, and with no appearance of haste we walked away.

"It was just as easy as rollin' off a log," Young said, jubilantly. "There was a big gold peg stickin' there all ready t' slide into a slot, so's t' hold th' gratin' down, an' all I had t' do was t' slide it. I guess, with a plug like that holdin' that gratin' fast, they'll need jacks t' open it. Th' only other way t' start it 'll be rammin' it with a bit o' timber; but bustin' it in that way 'll take a lot o' time, an' half an hour's plenty for all we've got t' do. If you're straight in thinkin' nobody knows about that slidin' door we're solid."

I felt very sure in my own mind that I was right in believing that only the Priest Captain had known

of this secret opening; for, after him, the most likely person to have knowledge of it was the keeper of the archives, and that he was altogether ignorant of it I was well assured. Therefore I most cheerfully helped Young, so far as my unskilful hands could be useful, in the work of restoring the gold plates to the places whence the lightning had wrenched them loose; and when this work was done, so cleverly did Young manage it, there was no possibility of distinguishing the door from any other portion of the wall; nor was there then a sign of any sort remaining to show that by the passage of a thunder-bolt the idol had been destroyed.*

As we were finishing this piece of work we heard the soldiers at the grating calling to the Priest Captain—at first in low tones, and then more loudly; and then we heard them give a yell together, which convinced us that they had tried to raise the grating and had found that it was fastened down.

The ten minutes that followed was the most exciting time that ever I passed through. Notwithstanding the secure fashion in which the grating was fastened, we could not but dread that those outside had knowledge of some means whereby it could be loosened; and in any event there was no doubt but that they could force a way in upon us by beating it down. Therefore we knew that there was no safety for us until we were fairly out of the oratory, and had closed behind us the sliding door—and with such difficult material to deal with as Rayburn, who still lay in a heavy stupor, and Pablo, whom sorrow had

wellnigh crazed, we found it hard to make such haste as the sharp exigency of our situation required. Pablo, indeed was so lost in wonder at finding the broken idol and the dead body of the Priest Captain, and a door open in the solid wall, that what little remained of his wits disappeared entirely; so that we had almost to carry him—while El Sabio most intelligently followed him—into the treasure chamber, and there we left the two together while we returned for Rayburn. And as we lifted the stretcher our hearts bounded, for at that instant there was a tremendous crash at the grating; whereby we knew that those without had brought to bear against it some sort of a battering-ram that they might beat it in.

“It’s a close call,” Young said between his teeth; and added, as we rested the stretcher inside the passage while we closed behind us the sliding door: “If you’re off your base, Professor, an’ they do know th’ trick o’ this thing, it may be all day with us yet—but it’s a comfort t’ know that even if they do finish us we’ll everlastin’ly salt ’em first with our guns.”

We heard another great crash behind us, but faintly now that the sliding door was closed, as we went onward into the treasury-chamber; and here we heard the like sound again, more clearly, through the slits cut in the wall. As gently as our haste, and the awkwardness of that narrow way would permit, we lifted Rayburn from the stretcher, and so carried him down the short flight of stairs beneath the upraised statue of the little chamber that there was hollowed in the rock. Here we laid him upon the stretcher again;

and then, without any ceremony whatever, we bundled Pablo and El Sabio down the hole. It was a smaller aperture, even, than that through which we had come forth from the Cave of the Dead, and how El Pablo was able to condense himself sufficiently to get through it will remain a puzzle to me to my dying day.

All this while we could hear plainly, through the slits in the wall, the crashing blows which every minute or so were delivered against the grating, together with a shrill roar of shouts and yells; and we knew that before this vigorous assault the grating must give way within a very brief period, and so let in the whole yelping pack. If I were right in my belief that the Priest Captain alone knew of the secret outlet to the oratory, we still would be safe enough, and could make a preliminary examination of the cave before we closed the way behind us irrevocably by letting the statue fall back into its place; but if I were mistaken, then there was nothing for us but to take a chance of life and death by going on blindly into that black cavern, after wedging fast the under side of the statue in such a way that it no longer could be swung open from above.

It was most necessary, therefore, that we should see what course our enemies would take when they came into the oratory and found it empty of us, and the idol broken, and the Priest Captain lying dead there; and, that we might compass this end, Young and I returned into the treasure-chamber and mounted upon a ledge that seemed to have been provided for a standing place—whence we had a clear view into the

oratory through the slits in the wall. And at the very moment that we thus stationed ourselves, there reverberated through those rock-hewn chambers a deafening crash and a jingling clang of metal and a rattle of falling stone; and with this came a yell of triumph and a rush of footsteps—and then, in an instant, the oratory was full of soldiers and priests, all yelling together like so many fiends.

But upon this violent hubbub there fell a hush of awe and wonder as those who had thus tumultuously entered the oratory saw the Priest Captain lying dead amid the fragments of the shattered idol, and perceived that the prisoners who had been shut within these seemingly solid walls had vanished utterly away; and then a sobbing murmur, that presently swelled into moans and cries of terror, arose from the throng; and in a moment more, seized by a common impulse, the whole company bowed downward, in suppliant dread of the gods by whom such direful wonders had been wrought.

Young gave a long sigh of relief, and with a most mouth-filling oath whispered in my ear, "They haven't tumbled to it, an' we're all right!"

As we gazed at these terror-stricken creatures, a thought occurred to me on which I promptly acted. "Get both of your revolvers pointed through that hole," I whispered to Young. "Point high, so that the balls will not hit anybody; and when I begin to shoot do you shoot also, and as quickly as you can. Mind, you are not to hit anybody," I added; for I saw by the look on Young's face that he longed to fire into the crowd point-blank. For answer he gave me a rather sulky

nod of assent; but I saw by the way that he held his pistols that my order was obeyed. "Now," I said, "Fire!"—and as rapidly as self-acting revolvers would do it, we poured twenty-four shots through the slits in the wall. No doubt several people were hurt by balls bounding back from the rock, but I am confident that nobody was killed.

When we ceased firing it was impossible to see anything in the oratory, because of the dense cloud of sulphurous smoke wherewith it was filled; but such shrieks and yells of soul-racking terror as come from beneath that black canopy I hope I may never hear again. I waited a little, until this wild outburst had somewhat quieted, and then—placing my mouth close to one of the openings and speaking in a voice that I tried to make like that of Fray Antonio—I said, in deep and solemn tones, "Behold the vengeance of the strangers' God!"

What effect my words produced I cannot tell. Our firing must have loosened a fragment of rock between the gold plating that lined the oratory and the outer surface of the wall, and even as I spoke this fragment fell. With its fall the opening was irrevocably closed.

"That was a boss dodge," said Young, as he recharged his revolver. "Those fellows 'll just think hell's broke loose in here, for sure; and I guess after they're onct fairly got outside they'll rather be skinned alive than come back again. But what did you say to 'em? Hearin' you talkin' like th' Padre, that way, gave me a regular jolt. Don't you think, though, maybe it was a bit risky t' give ourselves away?"

But when I had spoken, Young very seriously shook hands with me. "Shake!" he said. "I've done you injustice, Professor. Sometimes I've thought that you was too much asleep for your own good—but if anybody ever did anything more wide awake than that, I'd like t' know what he did and who he was. Why, when those fellows tell all that's been goin' on in here—about their busted idol, an' their dead Priest Captain, an' our skippin', an' this row our shootin' has made, an' then about th' Padre's ghost talkin' to 'em that way—it's bound t' give 'em such a jolt that th' whole outfit 'll slew smack round an' be Christians right off!"

Some such notion as this had been in my own mind as I executed the plan that on the spur of the moment I had formed. When later, I thought about it more calmly, I could not but regret, for Fray Antonio's sake, my hasty action; for he would have been the very last man to approve of such stringent methods of advancing the Christian faith. If any result came from my demonstration, it certainly came through terror; and the essence of Fray Antonio's doctrine, as it was also of his own nature, was gentleness and love.

—*The Aztec Treasure-House.*

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HOME READING.

The Aztec Treasure-House.

Legends of the City of Mexico.

In Old New York.

The Uncle of an Angel and Other Stories.

HENRY VAN DYKE

*Minister, Professor, Poet, Essayist, Short Story
Writer*

One of the most widely read and appreciated authors of the present day is Dr. Henry van Dyke, who is lecturer on English Literature at Princeton University. He was born in Germantown, but remembers nothing of his childhood days in Pennsylvania, for his father, a Presbyterian minister, early moved to Brooklyn. Many a day, however, since he has been an active man in professional life, has he come back to the streams, the forests, and the mountains of his native state to seek rest and health.

As a young man he was a student at Princeton and at the University of Berlin. He became a preacher, and has filled some of the most prominent pulpits in America, with the demand for his services ever increasing. At Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, and the University of Paris he has left pleasant and profitable memories as a lecturer. He has traveled extensively, particularly in the Holy Land and amid the wilds of Canada.

Dr. van Dyke has distinct recollections of the

first money that he earned, as have most successful men. Like other boys he earned small payments for such chores as cleaning snow from the sidewalk. Once his father gave him five dollars for saying the Shorter Catechism through at one lesson; but these and college prizes he does not count. The largest dollars he ever saw—the first that he really earned—came as payment for a newspaper article which he had written.

All out-of-door life has an irresistible appeal for him. He angles, skates, canoes, swims, sails, rides horses, climbs mountains, and plays tennis. Often he is alone in his rambles, but most frequently he is accompanied by some one of his family. Of dogs and horses, he is very fond; of birds (not in cages), extravagantly; of cats, not so much that one would notice it, for he says one never can tell what a cat is thinking, except when she is after food.

His poems, essays and stories were not intended primarily for children, yet thousands have read and enjoyed them. His own children follow with delight his articles as they appear in magazines. He has told hundreds of stories, such as "The Little Girl in the Well" and "Tommy Lizard and Frankie Frog," to his family, but he has never written them down. Perhaps some time he will find leisure. Twice has he offered his resignation as professor at Princeton to devote his entire life to literature, but his students have induced him to reconsider his intentions.

Among his best known shorter prose writings are *The Other Wise Man* and *The First Christmas Tree*, both of which grew out of sermons delivered in Brick

Presbyterian Church of New York. *The Other Wise Man* is the beautiful story of the rewarded search for the Child that was born in the manger.

Those who would know more of Dr. van Dyke's love of Nature should read *Little Rivers*, *Fisherman's Luck*, and *Days Off*, charming essays of life in the woods and along the streams.

He has published much poetry, of which young people will prefer *Who Follow the Flag*, *The Song Sparrow*, *Birds in the Morning*, and the *Whip-Poor-Will*.

(Born, November 10, 1852; living).

BIRDS IN THE MORNING

This is the carol the Robin throws
Over the edge of the valley;
Listen how boldly it flows,
Sally on sally:

Tirra-lirra,
Down the river,
Laughing water
All a-quiver,
Day is near,
Clear, clear.
Fish are breaking,
Time for waking.
Tup, tup, tup!
Do you hear?
All clear—
Wake up!

This is the ballad the Bluebird sings,
Unto his mate replying,
Shaking the tune from his wings
While he is flying:

Surely, surely, surely,
Life is dear
Even here.
Blue above,
You to love,
Purely, purely, purely.

This is the song the Brown Thrush flings
Out of his thicket of roses;
Hark how it warbles and rings,
Mark how it closes:

Luck, luck,
What luck?
Good enough for me!
I'm alive, you see.
Sun shining,
No repining;
Never borrow
Idle sorrow;
Drop it!
Cover it up!
Hold your cup!
Joy will fill it,
Don't spill it,
Steady, be ready,
Good luck!

From *Poems of Henry van Dyke*, copyright, 1911, by
Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

Do you remember, father—
 It seems so long ago—
The day we fished together
 Along the Pocono?
At dusk I waited for you,
 Beside the lumber-mill,
And there I heard a hidden bird
 That chanted, "whip-poor-will!"
 "Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
 Sad and shrill—"whippoorwill!"

The place was all deserted;
 The mill-wheel hung at rest;
The lonely star of evening
 Was quivering in the west;
The veil of night was falling;
 The winds were folded still;
And everywhere the trembling air
 Re-echoed "whip-poor-will!"
 "Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
 Sad and shrill—"whippoorwill!"

You seemed so long in coming,
 I felt so much alone;

The wide, dark world was round me,
And life was all unknown;
The hand of sorrow touched me,
And made my senses thrill
With all the pain that haunts the strain
Of mournful whip-poor-will.
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
Sad and shrill—"whippoorwill!"

What did I know of trouble?
An idle little lad;
I had not learned the lessons
That make men wise and sad.
I dreamed of grief and parting,
And something seemed to fill
My heart with tears, while in my ears
Resounded "whip-poor-will!"
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
Sad and shrill—"whippoorwill!"

'Twas but a shadowy sadness,
That lightly passed away;
But I have known the substance
Of sorrow, since that day.
For nevermore at twilight,
Beside the silent mill,
I'll wait for you, in the falling dew,
And hear the whip-poor-will.
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
Sad and shrill—"whippoorwill!"

But if you still remember,
In that fair land of light,
The pains and fears that touch us
Along this edge of night,
I think all earthly grieving,
And all our mortal ill,
To you must seem like a boy's sad dream,
Who hears the whip-poor-will.
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
A passing thrill—"whippoorwill!"

From *Poems of Henry van Dyke*, copyright, 1911, by
Charles Scribner's Sons.

HOME READING.

The Other Wise Man.

The Blue Flower.

Fisherman's Luck.

Who Follow the Flag.

OWEN WISTER

Lawyer, Short Story Writer, and Novelist

The author of *The Virginian*,—for this book is his informal introduction to thousands of Americans who do not know him personally,—was born in Philadelphia. He is proud of his native state. Other distinguished writers may seek a secluded life in the mountains or woods of Canada and New England, but the humming law office in the West End Trust Building of Philadelphia is just right for him.

He, too, has seen foreign peoples and countries. That is why he likes Philadelphia. When he was ten years old, he was taken to Europe by his parents and there put to school. His education continued in Switzerland, in England and in Rome. At the age of thirteen he entered a private American school to prepare for Harvard. His chief interest at school and college was in music, literature being secondary, although he edited school and college papers. During his senior year at Harvard, his first poem was accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*, for which he received twenty-five dollars. Even with this encouragement he did not seem inclined toward writing as a profession. He had received the highest honors in music when graduated

from Harvard, and went to Paris to study under a famous master. Circumstances, however, compelling him to return to America, he entered Harvard Law School, and in due time was admitted to practice at the Philadelphia bar.

During these years he published occasional verse and prose, but these were incidental. By accident, shortly after entering upon the practice of law, he drifted into writing short stories of Western life, first published in *Harper's Magazine*. Since that time he has devoted his energy to literature. His stories of life in the West are true to conditions as he knew them in the early days, when Wyoming was the home of the antelope and of the cowboy and of the bad man. All these are changed now, but Mr. Wister keeps alive those days in the tales which he has told. These stories are found in *Members of the Family* and in his truly big novel *The Virginian*, which by many critics and readers is esteemed the most representative novel born in America.

Mr. Wister is a rare traveler of the Bayard Taylor type, both throughout this country and throughout Europe. He has been in every state in the Union many times. He knows the United States better than most men, because his travels are those of a man of leisure taken for the sake of enjoyment and observation, and not hurried by business engagements. It was his first visit to the West that laid the foundation for his stories.

Mr. Wister finds his chief diversions in riding on

horseback, trout-fishing, and in hunting big game. He is fond of wild animals, especially birds, raccoons, squirrels, and others that can be tamed.

(Born, July 14, 1860; living).

SPIT-CAT CREEK

The cabin on Spit-Cat Creek lies lonely among the high pastures, and looks down to further loneliness across many slanting levels of pine-tops. These ascend successively in smooth, odorous, evergreen miles until they reach the open valley. Here runs the stage road, if you can discern it, from the railway to the continuously jubilant cow-town of Likely, Wyoming; and here, when viewed from the cabin through a field-glass, you can readily distinguish an antelope from a stone in the clear atmosphere which commonly prevails. The windows of the cabin are three, and looking in through any of them you can see the stove, the table, and the ingenious structure which does duty as a bed. During the season of snow from November to May, the cabin (in the days of which I speak) was dwelt in by no one; while through the open weather some person of honesty and resource would be sent thither from the headquarters ranch at Sunk Creek two or three times, to stay no longer than his duties required, and to come back with his report as soon as they should be performed. Such a man would live here with canned food and the small stove, seldom having other company than his own, and, if he had ears for the music of nature, the singing pines would often com-

panion him, he could hear now and again some unseen bird crying as it passed among them, and always the voice of Spit-Cat. This stream foamed by the cabin to fall and wander deviously away into the great, distant silence of the mountains. Likely was eighteen miles distant, and to this place the man could ride in four hours by a recently discovered trail, which was the shorter one, and followed the smaller tributary stream of Spit-Kitten; and sometimes the man did so ride for his mail, or for more canned food, or for a game of chance and female company, in the continuously jubilant cow-town of Likely, Wyoming.

Upon a midday in June, had you secretly peered through any of the windows in the cabin, you could have seen a seated man, tightly curved over the table and apparently dying in convulsions brought on by poison; for the signs of a newly finished meal were near him. There was a coffee-pot, and a dish of bacon, and three quarters of a pie. But it was merely Scipio Le Moyne endeavoring to write a letter; and no task more excruciating was known to this young man.

"Dear friend," he had begun, "i got no dictionary, but—"

At this point a heavy blot had intervened as he was changing the personal pronoun into a capital I.

"Oh, gosh!" he sighed, and for a while could spell no more. He sat back, staring at the paper. "It's not to a girl," he presently muttered. "I guess I'll not start a fresh sheet." And while the perspiring Scipio laid his nose to his pen and dragged himself onward from word to word, a bad old gentleman with a black

coat and a white beard was coming stealthily up from the valley through the thick pines. He was still some miles away, and he meant to look in at one of the windows, and regulate his conduct according to what he should then see. He was by no means sure that Scipio had what he wanted, which was as much money as he could get, or any fraction thereof; but he had a shrewd suspicion that he could ascertain this without any extreme use of deadly weapons.

Scipio Le Moyne was making his first stay in the Spit-Cat cabin, and in his mind there welled a complacency not to be justified; for when a thick roll of money is in a man's trousers, and the man's trousers are upon the man, and the man is writing a letter at a table, you see at once how unsafe the money is if the man's six-shooter is lying out of reach on the bed behind him. It should be hanging at his hip, or in the armhole of his waistcoat, or stuck elsewhere handily about his immediate person. And so it would have been on any ordinary day of Scipio's life; but alas! on this day he was writing a letter, and was therefore not quite accountable. There were many things that he did not enjoy—cooking, for example, or a bucking pony, or gun trouble in a saloon; but these worries he could usually meet. The only crisis which invariably disturbed him (except, of course, having to talk to Eastern ladies when they visited the Judge's ranch) was to be face to face with ink and pen. After his mid-day meal this noon he reclined upon his bed, putting off the hateful moment. Thus recumbent he had unbuckled his belt for comfort and got none, for the

letter made him restless. At length, with a mind absent from everything save the coming ink and pen, he had gone to them, forgetting his revolver among the rumpled blankets.

* * * * *

"Dear friend I got no dictionary but if any of my spelling raises your suspicions you can borrow a dictionary at your own end and thereby correct my statements which are otherwise garranteed to be strictly accurate. Hope you are well I am same. Have a good notion not to sine this for you will know my tracks without more information. Well buisness first and I will try run in a little pleasure for you if my nerve holds out but that blot will tell you I am not myself just now. You said I was shameless but you are dead wrong about me. To think of the way you lied to those poor boys about the frogs has made me blush in bed after many a day when my own concience was at piece. I have looked after the new ditches I had to attend to them a whole lot they are all right now but they were not the young yellowleg who calls himself a civil engineer I guess becaus he looks at a grade through a machine on three sticks instead of with his naked eye was making trouble. He was arranging for the water from Crow Canyon to run up hill. We got it started the right way yesterday but that civil engineer does too much fingering with his pencil to suit me he has a whole box full of sums in arithmetic. The fences are satisfactory. I was obliged to turn half the cattle back the man thought I was one of those who do not know a cow when they see one but he has

gone home realizing his poor judgment. And now that is all except I am paying off the extra hands at the Flat Iron outfit to-morrow or next day sure and now for pleasure as my hands has got limbered up wonderful and no longer abliged to blast out every word with giant powder like I had to all around the start where you see those blots. I guess the words are going to get to chasing each other off this pen before I am through telling you something.

"I have noticed a thing. Be the first to tell a joke on yourself it deadens the blow. Well Honey Wiggin has found out about this so I am going to hurry up and get ahead of his news. Likely is the town here as you know and twenty hours is still the record for driving to it from the railroad but there is a new trail from here to Likely by Spit-Kitten it saves an hour so I am living an hour nearer the fashion than you told me I would be when you gave me this job. But it was by no means to be fashionable that I had to go over to Likely though it is a good place for a man who wants to and this cabin is not fashionable a little bit but my flour gave out. The last of it was eat up by Honey Wiggin who stopped here one night and told me about the trail by Spit-Kitten witch he claimed was easy except in one place by what they call the Little Pasture. You come on the fence on the side hill up among the trees where they have been cut down some and Honey said follow the fence a good ways maybe three miles he thought but not more and you could see the place where the trail took off down the hill through the same kind of trees pretty thin growing and pines

mostly till you would come to the edge and see the town down below about half an hour more riding. Honey went over the mountain to Flat Iron and I caught up my horse and started for Likely. The trail was all right unless for a horse packed heavy and I did not hurry for I knew I had the night to put in in town and I was in no haste to get there because I could have no enjoyment when I did on account of the money. I was invited a lot when I got there but though I have been going to bed the same day I got up for many weeks I was taking no risk. But that is not my point it is the Little Pasture I want to speak of. It got shady while I was following the fence which I struck all right but I did not mind and I was studying up something to tell any folks that might inquire about the money for Flat Iron for I have practiss lying I am quick at it like you. Well sir I went along getting up some remarks and then picking out them I considered to be the most promising but after a while I says to myself it must be most three miles I have come along this fence. But Honey Wiggin is not special close about distances, and so I went along rejecting some of the remarks, I had picked out and putting stronger ones in their place and pretty soon I knew I must have come five miles anyway for Japan can walk three miles an hour and I had looked at my watch. I made Japan lope and then I made him gallup and then something struck me like a flash and I got off him and tied my handkerchief to the fence and me and Japan gallupped like we was both crazy and it was not twenty minits till we came round to my handkerchef again. I expect

the pasture is three miles round but cannot say how many times I circled her. I struck out for myself then and come to another fence and that was the one Honey meant, only he says now he told me to look out and not take the first fence.

"In Likely I went to bed the same day I got up and I slept in my pants with the money and can say I will be glad when—"

Here Scipio Le Moyne looked up from his letter, for the old gentleman stood in the door and wished him good morning. It was not morning, but let that go. The old gentleman had taken his observations through the window behind Scipio and had been much pleased to notice the six-shooter among the blankets. He had observed everything: the pie, the letter, all things inside the cabin, and also that outside the cabin Scipio's horse was grazing in the little field, and therefore not instantly serviceable. His own animal he had tied to a tree a little distance within the timber.

"Good morning," he said.

Scipio's entire inward arrangements gave a monstrous leap, but his outward start was very slight. "Hello, Uncle Pasco!" said he cheerfully. "Are y'u lost?" And he sat in his chair quite still.

Uncle Pasco stood blinking in his usual way. "No," he returned. "Not lost. Just off trappin'. That's what." His voice was an old man's, dry and chirping, and his sentence proceeded in short hops. He had seen Scipio's one-quarter inch of movement, and he read that movement with admirable insight:

it had been a quickly arrested and choked impulse to get to those blankets. And Scipio had done some reading, too. He saw Uncle Pasco's eye measuring distances, and he could discern no sign whatever of pistol upon the old gentleman. This rendered him extremely cautious, and his thoughts worked at a remarkable speed. Uncle Pasco did not have to think so quickly, for he had begun his meditations in Likely several days ago, and they were all finished as far as they could be up to the present juncture. Even the most ripened strategist must leave some moves to be determined by the fluctuations of the battle.

"Been off trappin'," repeated Uncle Pasco.

"What luck?" Scipio inquired.

"Poor. Poor. Beaver gettin' cleaned out of this country. That's what."

"Better sit down and eat," said Scipio. "Take your coat off and stay a while."

Uncle Pasco's glance rested on the pie a moment, and then upon Scipio's ink-covered sheets. "M—well," he said doubtfully, for Scipio's ease had now put him in doubt, "I got to get back to Likely. Pie looks good. Pie like mother made. That's what. M—well, your're busy. Guess you want to write your letter."

Scipio now looked at his letter, and drew inspiration from it, a forlorn hope of inspiration. "Why, you don't need to start for Likely so soon," he remarked with a persuasive whine. "What was the use in stoppin' at all? Eat the balance of the pie and take the new trail—if your packs are not loaded heavy."

"Spit-Kitten?" said Uncle Pasco.

"Yep," said Scipio. "Saves an hour."

"Ain't been over it," said Uncle Pasco.

"Can't miss it," said Scipio. "Your pack's light?"

"M—well," answered Uncle Pasco, doubtfully, "fairly light."

"Sit down," said Scipio. "I'll tell y'u about the trail while you're eatin' the pie." He made as if to rise and offer the only chair in the room to Uncle Pasco. This brought Uncle Pasco immediately to his side.

"Keep a-sittin'," the old gentleman urged. "Keep a-sittin', and draw me a map. That's what. Map of Spit-Kitten."

"Here," began Scipio, wriggling his pen across a blank sheet, "runs Spit-Cat. This here cross is this cabin. Stream's runnin' this way. Understand?"

"That's plain," said Uncle Pasco.

"Here," and Scipio wriggled his pen at right angles to the first wriggle, "comes Spit-Kitten into the main creek—right above this cabin. See? Well. Now." Scipio began dotting lines. "You follow the little creek up, so. Then you cross over to the left bank, so. And you go right up out of a little canyon (you can't if your packs is heavy loaded, for its awful steep and slippery for pretty near a hundred yards) and you come out on top clear going—gosh! I've got to take another sheet of paper—well, now y'u go down easy a mile or two and keep swinging to your right, and about here"—Scipio now sprinkled some points on the paper—"the trees begin gettin' scattery and you

look out for a fence on your left. You follow that fence for—well, I'd not say whether it's three miles or four—it's that noo pasture the Seventy-six outfit calls their Little Pasture, and before y'u come to the corner where there's a gate by a gushin' creek I don't know the name of, you'll notice the hill goin' down to your right all over good grass and mighty few trees, and if it's dark you'll see the lights of the town below and the trail takes off right about where you'll be standing this way" (Scipio scratched an arrow), "and don't y'u mind if it looks like a little-worn trail, for that's the way it is, and y'u can't miss it on that hillside. See?"

"That's plain as day," said Uncle Pasco, accepting the two sheets of the map and sliding them into his own pocket. He still stood beside Scipio, irresolutely, considering the lumpy appearance of Scipio's pocket. A handkerchief and a bag of tobacco might produce such a bulge.

"Fine day," said Scipio. "Better stay a while."

"Good weather right along now," said Uncle Pasco.

"Time it was," said Scipio, "after the wettin' the month of May gave us. Boys doin' anything in town lately?"

"Oh, gay, gay," returned Uncle Pasco. And he ran a pistol against Scipio's head. "Out with it," he commanded. "Cough up."

It is possible, under these circumtsances, to refuse to cough, and to perform instead some rapid athletics which result in a bullet-hole in the wall or ceiling. to

be forever after pointed to. But the odds are so heavy that the hole will be in neither the wall nor the ceiling that many people of undoubted valor have found coughing more discreet. Scipio coughed.

Uncle Pasco now marched to the bed, and appropriated Scipio's pistol. "Just for the present," he exclaimed.

"Uncle Pasco," resumed Scipio, mild as a dove, and never stirring from his chair, "you have learned me something to-day. It's expensive education. I'll not say it isn't. But I'm going to tell y'u where I went wrong. I'd ought to have acted more careless in Likely that night. I'd ought to have taken a whirl somewheres. Bein' so quiet exposed my hand to y'u. But see here, I had everybody fooled but you."

"You're a kid," responded Uncle Pasco, but with indulgence. "You be good. Keep a-sittin' right there. Pie like mother made." And with the pie in one hand and his pistol in the other he made a comfortable lunch.

"It was my over-carefulness, warn't it?" persisted Scipio. "I have sure paid y'u good to know!"

"You're a kid," Uncle Pasco, with unchanged indulgence, repeated. "You'll do in time. Keep studying seasoned men. That's what." And he finished his meal. "You'll find your six-shooter in the place where I'll put it."

The old gentleman opened the door, and, leaving Scipio in the chair, walked briskly by the corral into the trees and mounted his old pink mare. From the

door of the cabin Scipio watched him amble away along the banks of Spit-Cat.

"Pie like mother made!" he muttered. "You patch-sewed bread-basket! Why, you fringypanted walking delegate, I'll agitate your system till your back teeth are chewin' your own sweet-breads!" He seized up a rope and began walking to where his horse was pasturing. "I could forgive him takin' the money," he continued. "He outplayed me.. But—" Scipio was silent for a few yards, and then "Pie like mother made!" he burst out again.

And now, reader, please rise with me in the air and look down like a bird at the trail of Spit-Kitten. The afternoon has grown late, and shadow is ascending among the thin pines by the Little Pasture. There goes Uncle Pasco, ambling easily along. He counts his money, and slaps his bad old leg with joy. With all those dollars he can render the next several months comfortable. Now he consults Scipio's map, and here, sure enough, he comes to the fence, just as Scipio said he would come; that fence he was to follow for three miles, perhaps, or four. Uncle Pasco slaps his leg again, and gives a horrid, unconscientious cackle. And now he hangs Scipio's pistol on a post of the fence and proceeds. While pleasing thoughts of San Francisco and champagne fill his mind as he rides, there comes Scipio along the trail after him at a nicely set interval. All is working with the agreeable precision of a clock. Scipio recovers his pistol and after tying his horse out of sight a little way down the hill,

he runs back and sits snug behind a tree close to the fence, waiting. He looks at his watch. "It took Japan and me twenty minutes to go around at a gallop," he observes. "Uncle Pasco ain't goin' half that fast." Scipio continues to wait with his six-shooter ready. In due time he pricks up his ears and rises upon his feet behind the tree. Next, he steps forth with his smile of an angel—but a fallen angel.

"Pie like mother made," he remarks musically.

Why tell of Uncle Pasco's cruel surprise? It is not known if he had gone round the fence more than once; but the town of Likely saw the dreadful condition of his clothes as he rode in that night. It was almost no clothes.

At that hour Scipio was finishing his letter to the foreman:—

"—this risponisibillity is shed," had been the unwritten fragment of his sentence when it was cut short, and he now completed it, and went on:—

"Quite a little thing has took place just now about that money. Don't jump for I am staying with it as you said to and I am liable to be staying with it as long as necessary but an old hobo held me up and got it off me and kept it for most three hours when I got it back off the old fool. I would not have throwed him around like I did if he had been content to lift the cash but he had to insult me too said I was pie and next time he'll know a man should be civil no matter what his employment is.

"I have noticed another thing. To shoot strait

always go to bed the same day you get up and to think
strait use same pallicy.

“Your friend,

“Scipio Le Moyne.

“P. S. I am awful obliged to you.”

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HOME READING.

Journey in Search of Christmas.

A Short Biography of General Grant.

Members of the Family.

The Virginian.

JOHN L. SHROY

Teacher and Poet

John L. Shroy was born in Strasburg, Lancaster County, a few weeks before the birth of Richard Harding Davis in Philadelphia. His father was Pennsylvania-German, and his mother Scotch-Irish—the sturdy races which have made Lancaster County the wealthiest agricultural section in the United States. He likes the bag-pipes better than the “Watch on the Rhine,” although loyal to the German traditions of his father.

He is the youngest of a large family, and was named for his oldest brother John, who was killed in the Civil War in 1863, and for the great War President—his full name being John Lincoln Shroy.

His father was a plasterer, but farmed some land which was not enough to raise hay and to pasture the cow at the same time. Early in life, therefore, the youngest boy was engaged in watching cows for his father and neighbors along the roads south of Strasburg. *Minding Cows* and a number of other poems were inspired directly by this dreamy, lonely life.

He entered the Strasburg borough schools at the age of six. At fourteen he began to work at his

father's trade between April and October, going to school in the winter months. After graduating at Strasburg High School, he followed his trade for two years, when realizing the need of a broader education he attended Millersville Normal School for three successive winters, graduating in the Scientific Course.

He first taught school in Blue Ball, a quiet little village in Lancaster County, and the next term moved in toward Lancaster a few miles, to New Holland. He has been Superintendent of Schools in Doylestown, Bucks County, and in Cheltenham Township. For the past sixteen years he has been a Supervising Principal of schools in Philadelphia.

The scenes of many of his poems are placed in Lancaster County, particularly around Millersville Normal and at the old Strasburg homestead, now owned by Mr. Shroy. Here he spends his summer vacations, surrounded by shade and fruit trees of which he is so fond.

His poems have been collected in a volume called *Be a Good Boy; Good-Bye*. The poem *Give Us a Place to Play* is a sympathetic plea for playgrounds.

(Born, March 29, 1864; living).

GIVE US A PLACE TO PLAY

"Git out," yells the Cop. "'r I'll soon put a stop
To y'ur nerve rackin' din, by runnin' you in.
You won't play on the street, when I'm on this beat,
So chase y'urself hence. Git away from that fence."
An' the Cop he's the law an' we've got to obey,
But he don't tell us what 'r where we can play.

"Git out," yells the man when we kick his ash-can,
Then he calls us vile toughs, an' villains an' roughs,
An' names if I said would knock mother down dead.
We run all our might, to get out of his sight,
An' bump into people who kick us away,
An' growl, but don't mention a place we can play.

"Git out of the way," yells a man with a dray,
As he nearly runs down my chum, Billy Brown;
He raises his whip, and then all of us skip.
But we only change streets, for where else can we go
To escape Cops and drivers, does anyone know?

If you were a lad, didn't mean to be bad,
Had no place to meet, except in the street,
No place to play ball, 'r "tagger" at all,
No place just to—yell, when y'ur feelin' real well,
Now, honest and true, what on earth would you do?

Why, you'd swear and make bets, an' smoke cigarettes;
You'd gamble an' fight, an' throw stones just for spite.
You'd try to live down to the names you were named!
An' you'd lie, with the gang; without feelin' ashamed.

Big Brothers of ours, we want to do right.
But try as we will, it's a hard, uphill fight.
We'd rather play ball in a place where we dare,
Than skulk near a corner an' gamble an' swear.
We'd rather clim' ladders an' act on a bar,
Than dodge a policeman 'r hang on a car.
It's up to you, Brothers; come, please don't delay,
But establish a place where us fellows can play.

This poem and the three following are used by permission of the author.

I'VE GOTTO GO TO SCHOOL

Where is the good ol' summer time that I've so lately known?
It's gone way back an' settled down an' left me sad an' lone.
Where is the kite I used to fly? Go ask the high pole wires.
Where is the little yacht I made? Broke up for makin' fires.
Where are the nice long tramps I took? And where's the
swimmin' pool?

Them things is gone, for mother says, I've gotto go to school.

Good-bye to forts that I have dug, to places where I've played.
Good-bye to trees that I have clum, to friends that I have
made.

Good-bye to rollin' on the grass, a-hummin' good ol' tunes.
Good-bye to doin' as I pleased in long ol' afternoons.

Las' night I heard my father say, "It seems a kind of shame,
To stop that boy from runnin' wild, an' settle down so tame.
Let's keep him home a week or so until it gets more cool."
But mother shook her head—and so, I've gotto go to school.

Good-bye to sayin' "ain't" an' "got," an' "me" instead of "I."
Good-bye to every thing but set an be as good as pie.
I'll bet I'll be the very first to break some kind of rule.
No use to kick when mother says, I've gotto go to school.

BE A GOOD BOY; GOOD-BYE

How oft in my dreams I go back to the day
When I stood at our old wooden gate,
And started to school in full battle array,
Well armed with a primer and slate.
And as the latch fell I thought myself free,
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me:
"Be a good boy; good-bye!"

"Be a good boy; good-bye!" It seems
They followed me all these years.
They have given a form to my youthful dreams
And scattered my foolish fears.
They have stayed my feet on many a brink
Unseen by a blinded eye;
For just in time I would pause and think:
"Be a good boy; good-bye!"

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life,
Just starting or nearing its close,
This motto aloft in the midst of the strife
Will conquer wherever it goes.
Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs.
But, brother, just honestly try
To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs
"Be a good boy; good-bye!"

THE TEACHER HAS A PICK ON ME

All trouble that is hanging 'round comes finally my way—

The teacher has a pick on me.

She keeps me in at recess and denies me all my play,

Because she has a pick on me.

She makes me do my misspelled words a hundred times or
more,

She makes me do my tables till my finger joints are sore,

She makes me clean the ink up that I spill upon the floor,

Because she has a pick on me.

She makes me pay some time off for the notes that I forget,

The teacher has a pick on me.

She tells my mother when she sees me smoke a cigarette,

Because she has a pick on me.

She makes me study lessons that I say I know by heart—

The reason I can't say them is, I can't think how they start—

When I kick Jim beneath the seat the teacher takes Jim's part,

Because she has a pick on me.

The very smallest thing I do she manages to see—

The teacher has a pick on me.

She knows that I am talking when her back is turned to me,

Because she has a pick on me.

One day I didn't feel like work and talked back at her fine,

She wrote a little note to Dad that he was asked to sign.

He licked me like the mischief, said, "You've got to toe the
line."

And now Dad's got a pick on me.

HOME READING.

Be a Good Boy, Good-Bye.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Novelist and Playwright

The most productive of all Pennsylvania writers is Richard Harding Davis, who was born in Philadelphia during the Civil War. From both of his parents he inherited an aptitude for writing. His mother was Rebecca Harding Davis, of Washington County, who achieved early success in literature,—and that in an age when women who wrote for publication were frowned upon. His father was for more than forty years a distinguished editor of Philadelphia newspapers.

As a young man Richard was fortunate in meeting persons of his own age who afterwards were destined to make history. While on a vacation in Washington County, he became acquainted with a boy by the name of Philo McGiffin. Years later this young man, as commander of the Chinese fleet against the Japanese at the battle of Yulu River, was the first American to be under the terrific fire of modern naval warfare. But that is another story. Mr. Davis has told all about it.

He received an education at Lehigh and Johns Hopkins universities, and began life as a wage-earner

on a newspaper in Philadelphia. Later he ventured on the broader field of journalism in New York. However, he had already written *Gallegher*, a delightful newspaper story inspired by his own experiences. On the outbreak of the war between Greece and Turkey, he went to the front and reported for London and New York newspapers. Since that time he has been a war correspondent in many conflicts—Spanish-American, Boer-British, Russian-Japanese, all of which were fertile sources for essays and stories. He will be remembered as one of the greatest of war correspondents.

As a traveler he has seen as much of the world as did Bayard Taylor. The wilds of Africa and the depths of India have called him; South and Central America have been revealed by him in charming sketches and novels; his own country inspired him to write *The West from a Car Window*.

He has a beautiful summer home at Marion, Massachusetts, and a winter home at Mt. Kisco, New York. He is devoted to outdoor life—rides horses, bicycles, and takes long walks with his dogs of which he is very fond. *The Bar Sinister* is one of the finest dog stories ever written.

A number of his stories have been dramatized.

(Born, April 18, 1864; living).

THE HEART OF THE GREAT DIVIDE

I.

The City of Denver probably does more to keep the Eastern man who is mining or ranching from returning once a year to his own people, and from spending his earnings at home, than any other city in the West. It lays its charm upon him, and stops him half-way, and he decides that the journey home is rather long, and puts it off until the next year, and again until the next, until at last he buys a lot and builds a house, and only returns to the East on his wedding journey. Denver appeals to him more than do any of these other cities, for the reason that the many other Eastern men who have settled there are turning it into a thoroughly Eastern city—a smaller New York in an encircling range of white-capped mountains. If you look up at its towering office buildings, you can easily imagine yourself, were it not for the breadth of the thoroughfare, in down-town New York; and though the glimpse of the mountains at the end of the street in place of the spars and mast-heads of the East and North rivers undeceives you, the mud at your feet serves to help out the delusion. Denver is a really beautiful city, but—and this, I am sure,

few people in New York will believe—it has the worst streets in the country. Their mud or their dust, as the season wills it, is the one blot on the city's fair extent; it is as if the City Fathers had served a well-appointed dinner on a soiled table-cloth. But they say they will arrange all that in time.

The two most striking things about the city to me were the public schools and the private houses. Great corporations, insurance companies, and capitalists erect twelve-story buildings everywhere. They do it for an advertisement for themselves or their business, and for the rent of the offices. But these buildings do not in any way represent a city's growth. You will find one or two of such buildings in almost every Western city, but you will find the people who rent the offices in them living in the hotels or in wooden houses on the outskirts. In Denver there are not only buildings, but mile after mile of separate houses, and of the prettiest, strictest, and most proper architecture. It is a distinct pleasure to look at these houses, and quite impossible to decide upon the one in which you would rather live. They are not merged together in solid rows, but stand apart, with a little green breathing-space between, each in its turn asserting its own individuality. The greater part of these are built of the peculiarly handsome red stone which is found so plentifully in the Silver State. It is not the red stone which makes them so pleasantly conspicuous, but the taste of the owner or the architect which has turned it to account. As for the public schools, they are more like art museums outside than school-houses;

and if as much money and thought in proportion are given to the instruction as have been put upon the buildings, the children of Denver threaten to grow up into a most disagreeably superior class of young persons. Denver possesses those other things which make a city livable, but the public schools and the private houses were to me the most distinctive features. The Denver Club is quite as handsome and well ordered a club as one would find in New York City, and the University Club, which is for the younger men, brings the wanderers from different colleges very near and pleasantly together. Its members can sing more different college songs in a given space of time than any other body of men I have met. The theatres and the hotels are new and very good, and it is a delight to find servants so sufficiently civilized that the more they are ordered about and the more one gives them to do, the more readily they do it, knowing that this means that they are to be tipped. In the other Western cities, where this pernicious and most valuable institution is apparently unknown, a traveler has to do everything for himself.

You will find that the people of a city always pride themselves on something which the visitor within their gates would fail to notice. They have become familiar with those features which first appeal to him, have outgrown them, and have passed on to admire something else. The citizen of Denver takes a modest pride in the public schools, the private houses, and the great mountains, which seem but an hour's walk distant and are twenty miles away; but he is proudest before all

of two things—of his celery and his cable-cars. His celery is certainly the most delicious and succulent that grows, and his cable-cars are very beautiful white and gold affairs and move with the delightfully terrifying speed of a toboggan. Riding on these cable-cars is one of the institutions of the city, just as in the summer a certain class of young people in New York find their pleasure in driving up and down the Avenue on the top of the omnibuses. But that is a dreary and sentimental journey compared with a ride on the grip seat of a cable-car, and every one in Denver patronizes this means of locomotion whether on business or on pleasure bent, and whether he has carriages of his own or not. There is not, owing to the altitudes, much air to spare in Denver at any time, but when one mounts a cable-car, and is swept with a wild rush around a curve, or dropped down a grade as abruptly as one is dropped down the elevator shaft in the Potter Building, what little air there is disappears, and leaves one gasping. Still, it is a most popular diversion, and even in the winter some of the younger people go cable-riding as we go sleighing, and take lap-robies with them to keep them warm. There is even a "scenic route," which these cars follow, and it is most delightful.

Denver and Colorado Springs pretend to be jealous of one another; why, it is impossible to understand. One is a city, and the other a summer or health resort; and we might as properly compare Boston and Newport, or New York and Tuxedo. In both cities the Eastern man and woman and the English cousin are much more in evidence than the born Western man.

These people are very fond of their homes at Denver and at the Springs, but they certainly manage to keep Fifth Avenue and the Sound and the Back Bay prominently in mind. Half of those women whose husbands are wealthy—and every one out here seems to be in that condition—do the greater part of their purchasing along Broadway below Twenty-third Street, their letter-paper is stamped on Union Square, and their husbands are either part or whole owners of a yacht. It sounds very strange to hear them, in a city shut in by ranges of mountain peaks, speak familiarly of Larchmont and Hell Gate and New London and “last year’s cruise.” Colorado Springs is the great pleasure resort for the whole state, and the salvation and sometimes the resting-place of a great many invalids from all over the world. It lies at the base of Pike’s Peak and Cheyenne Mountain, and is only an hour’s drive from the great masses of jagged red rock known as the Garden of the Gods. Pike’s Peak, the Garden of the Gods, and the Mount of the Holy Cross are the proudest landmarks in the state. This last mountain was regarded for many years almost as a myth, for while many had seen the formation which gives it its name, no one could place the mountain itself, the semblance of the cross disappearing as one drew near to it. But in 1876 Mr. Hayden, of the Government Survey, and Mr. W. H. Jackson, of Denver, found it, climbed it, and photographed it, and since then artists and others have made it familiar. But it will never become so familiar as to lose aught of its wonderfully impressive grandeur.

There are also near Colorado Springs those mineral waters which give it its name, and of which the people are so proud that they have turned Colorado Springs into a prohibition town, and have made drinking the waters, as it were, compulsory. This is an interesting example of people who support home industries. There is a casino at the Springs, where the Hungarian band plays in summer, a polo field, a manufactured lake for boating, and hundreds of beautiful homes, fashioned after the old English country-house, even to the gate-keeper's lodge and the sundial on the lawn. And there are cañons that inspire one not to attempt to write about them. There are also many English people who have settled there, and who vie with the Eastern visitors in the smartness of their traps and the appearance of their horses. Indeed, both of these cities have so taken on the complexion of the East that one wonders whether it is true that the mining towns of Creede and Leadville lie only twelve hours away, and that one is thousands of miles distant from the City of New York.

It is possible that some one may have followed this series of articles, of which this is the last, from the first, and that he may have decided, on reading them, that the West is filled with those particular people and institutions of which these articles have treated, and that one steps from ranches to army posts, and from Indian reservations to mining camps with easy and uninterrupted interest. This would be, perhaps it is needless to say, an entirely erroneous idea. I only touched on those things which could not be

found in the East, and said nothing of the isolation of these particular and characteristic points of interest, of the commonplace and weary distances which lay between them and of the difficulty of getting from one point to another. For days together, while traveling to reach something of possible interest, I might just as profitably, as far as any material presented itself, have been riding through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, or Ohio. Indians do not necessarily join hands with the cow-boys, nor army posts nestle at the feet of mountains filled with silver. The West is picturesque in spots, and, as the dramatic critics say, the interest is not sustained throughout. I confess I had an idea that after I had traveled four days in a straight line due west, every minute of my time would be of value, and that if each man I met was not a character he would tell stories of others who were, and that it would merely be necessary for me to keep my eyes open to have picturesque and dramatic people and scenes pass obligingly before them. I was soon undeceived in this, and learned that in order to reach the West we read about, it would be necessary for me to leave the railroad, and that I must pay for an hour of interest with days of the most unprofitable travel. Matthew Arnold said when he returned to England, that he had found this country "uninteresting," and every American was properly indignant, and said he could have forgiven him any adjective but that. If Matthew Arnold traveled from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, from St. Louis to Corpus Christi, and from Corpus Christi back through Texas to Indian Territory, he not only has

my sympathy, but I admire him as a descriptive writer. For those who find the level farm lands of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and the ranches of upper Texas, and the cactus of southern Texas, and the rolling prairie of the Indian Territory interesting, should travel from Liverpool to London on either line they please to select, and they will understand the Englishman's discontent. Hundreds of miles of level mud and snow followed by a hot and sandy soil and uncultivated farm lands are not as interesting as hedges of hawthorn or glimpses of the Thames or ivy-covered country-houses in parks of oak. The soldiers who guard this land, the Indians who are being crowded out of it, and the cow-boys who gallop over it and around their army of cattle, are interesting, but they do not stand at the railroad stations to be photographed and to exhibit their peculiar characteristics.

But after one leaves these different states and rides between the mountain ranges of Colorado, he commits a sin if he does not sit day and night by the car window. It is best to say this as it shows the other side of the shield.

You may, while traveling in the West, enjoy the picturesque excitement of being held up by train robbers, but you are in much more constant danger of being held up by commercial travelers and native Western men, who demand that you stand and deliver your name, your past history, your business, and your excuse for being where you are. Neither did I find the West teeming with "characters." I heard of them, and indeed the stories of this or that pioneer or des-

perado are really the most vivid and most interesting memories I have of the trip. But these men have been crowded out, or have become rich and respectably commonplace, or have been shot, as the case may be. I met the men who had lynched them or who remembered them, but not the men themselves. They no longer overrun the country; they disappeared with the buffalo, and the West is glad of it, but it is disappointing to the visitor. The men I met were men of business, who would rather talk of the new court-house with the lines of the sod still showing around it than of the Indian fights and the killing of the bad men of earlier days when there was no court-house, and when the vigilance committee was a necessary evil. These were "well-posted" and "well-informed" citizens, and if there is one being I dread and fly from, it is a well-posted citizen.

The men who are of interest in the West, and of whom most curious stories might be told, are the Eastern men and the Englishmen who have sought it with capital, or who have been driven there to make their fortunes. Some one once started a somewhat unprofitable inquiry as to what became of all the lost pins. That is not nearly so curious as to what becomes of all the living men who drop suddenly out of our acquaintanceship or our lives, and who are not missed, but who are nevertheless lost. I know now what becomes of them; they all go West. I met some men here whom I was sure I had left walking Fifth Avenue, and who told me, on the contrary, that they had been in the West for the last two years. They had once walked

Fifth Avenue, but they dropped out of the procession one day, and no one missed them, and they are out here enjoying varying fortunes. The brakeman on a freight and passenger train in southern Texas was a lower-class man whom I remembered at Lehigh University as an expert fencer; the conductor on the same train was from the same college town; the part owner of a ranch, whom I supposed I had left looking over the papers in the club, told me he had not been in New York for a year, and that his partner was "Jerry" Black, who, as I trust no one has forgotten, was one of Princeton's half-backs, and who I should have said, had any one asked me, was still in Pennsylvania. Another man whom I remembered as a "society" reporter on a New York paper, turned up in a white apron as a waiter at the hotel in ——. I was somewhat embarrassed at first as to whether or not he would wish me to recognize him, but he settled my doubts by winking at me over his heavily loaded tray, as much as to say it was a very good joke, and that he hoped I was appreciating it to its full value. We met later in the street, and he asked me with the most faithful interest of those whose dances and dinners he had once reported, deprecated a notable scandal among the Four Hundred which was filling the papers at that time, and said I could hardly appreciate the pity of such a thing occurring among people of his set. Another man, whom I had known very well in New York, turned up in San Antonio with an entirely new name, wife, and fortune, and verified the tradition which exists there that it is best before one grows to know a man too

well, to ask him what was his name before he came to Texas. San Antonio seemed particularly rich in histories of those who came there to change their fortunes, and who had changed them most completely. The English gave the most conspicuous examples of these unfortunates—conspicuous in the sense that their position at home had been so good, and their habits of life so widely different.

The proportion of young English gentlemen who are roughing it in the West far exceeds that of the young Americans. This is due to the fact that the former have never been taught a trade or profession, and in consequence, when they have been cheated out of the money they brought with them to invest, have nothing but their hands to help them, and so take to driving horses or branding cattle or digging in the streets, as one graduate of Oxford, sooner than write home for money, did in Denver. He is now teaching Greek and Latin in one of our colleges. The manner in which visiting Englishmen are robbed in the West, and the quickness with which some of them take the lesson to heart, and practice it upon the next Englishman who comes out, or upon the prosperous Englishman already there, would furnish material for a book full of pitiful stories. And yet one cannot help smiling at the wickedness of some of these schemes. Three Englishmen, for example, bought, as they supposed, thirty thousand Texas steers; but the Texans who pretended to sell them the cattle drove the same three thousand head ten times around the mountain, as a dozen supers circle around the backdrop of a stage to

make an army, and the Englishmen counted and paid for each steer ten times over. There was another Texan who made a great deal of money by advertising to teach young men how to become cow-boys, and who charged them ten dollars a month tuition fee, and who set his pupils to work digging holes for fence-posts all over the ranch, until they grew wise in their generation, and left him for some other ranch, where they were paid thirty dollars a month for doing the same thing. But in many instances it is the tables of San Antonio which take the greater part of the visiting Englishman's money. One gentleman, who for some time represented the Isle of Wight in the Lower House, spent three modest fortunes in the San Antonio gambling-houses, and then married his cook, which proved a most admirable speculation, as she had a frugal mind, and took entire control of his little income. And when the Marquis of Aylesford died in Colorado, the only friend in this country who could be found to take his body back to England was his first-cousin, who at that time was driving a hack through San Antonio. We heard stories of this sort on every side, and we met faro-dealers, cooks, and cow-boys who have served through campaigns in India or Egypt, or who hold an Oxford degree. A private in G troop, Third Cavalry, who was my escort on several scouting expeditions in the Garza outfit, was kind enough and quite able to tell me which club in London had the oldest wine-cellar, where one could get the best visiting-cards engraved, and why the Professor of Ancient Languages at Oxford was the superior of the instruc-

tor in like studies at Cambridge. He did this quite unaffectedly, and in no way attempted to excuse his present position. Of course, the value of the greater part of these stories depends on the family and personality of the hero, and as I cannot give names, I have to omit the best of them.

There was a little English boy who left San Antonio before I had reached it, but whose name and fame remained behind him. He was eighteen years of age and just out of Eton, where he had spent all his pocket-money in betting on the races through commissioners. Gambling was his ruling passion at an age when ginger-pop and sweets appealed more strongly to his contemporaries. His people sent him to Texas with four hundred pounds to buy an interest in a ranch, and furnished him with a complete outfit of London-made clothing. An Englishman who saw the boy's box told me he had noted the different garments packed carefully away, just as his mother had placed them, and each marked with his name. The Eton boy lost the four hundred pounds at roulette in the first week after his arrival in San Antonio, and pawned his fine clothes in the next to "get back." He lost all he ventured. At the end of ten days he was peddling fruit around the streets in his bare feet. He made twenty-five cents the first day, and carried it to the gambling-house where he had already lost his larger fortune, and told one of the dealers he would cut the cards with him for the money. The boy cut first, and the dealer won; but the other was enough of a gambler to see that the

dealer had stooped to win his last few pennies unfairly. The boy's eyes filled up with tears of indignation.

"You thief!" he cried, "you cheated me!"

The dealer took his revolver from the drawer of the table, and, pointing it at his head, said: "Do you know what we do to people who use that word in Texas? We kill them!"

The boy clutched the table with both hands and flung himself across it so that his forehead touched the barrel of the revolver. "You thief!" he repeated, and so shrilly that every one in the room heard him. "I say you cheated me!"

The gambler lowered the trigger slowly and tossed the pistol back in the drawer. Then he picked up a ten-dollar gold piece and shoved it towards him. "Here," he said, "that'll help take you home. You're too tough for Texas!"

The other Englishmen in San Antonio filled out the sum and sent him back to England. His people are well known in London; his father is a colonel in the Guards.

* * * * *

There are a great many things one only remembers to say as the train is drawing out of the station, and which have to be spoken from the car window. And now that my train is so soon to start towards the East, I find there are many things which it seems most ungracious to leave unsaid. I should like to say much of the hospitality of the West. We do not know such hospitality in the East. A man brings us a letter of introduction here, and we put him up at the club we

least frequently visit, and regret that he should have come at a time when ours is so particularly crowded with unbreakable engagements. It is not so here. One might imagine the Western man never worked at all, so entirely is his time yours, if you only please to claim it. And from the first few days of my trip to the last, this self-effacement of my hosts and eagerness to please accompanied me wherever I went. It was the same in every place, whether in army posts or ranches, or among the most delightful coterie of the Denver Club, "who never sleep," or on the border of Mexico, where "Bob" Haines, the sheriff of Zepata County, Texas, before he knew who I or my soldier escort might be, and while we were still but dust-covered figures in the night, rushed into the house and ordered a dinner and beds for us, and brought out his last two bottles of beer. The sheriff of Zepata County, "who can shoot with both hands," need bring no letter of introduction with him if he will deign to visit me when he comes to New York. And as for that Denver Club coterie, they always know that the New York clubs are also supplied with electric buttons.

And now that it is at an end, I find it hard to believe that I am not to hear again the Indian girls laughing over their polo on the prairie, or the regimental band playing the men on to the parade, and that I am not to see the officers' wives watching them from the line at sunset, as the cannon sounds its salute and the flag comes fluttering down.

And yet New York is not without its good points. If any one doubts this, let him leave it for three

months, and do one-night stands at fourth-rate hotels, or live on alkali water and bacon, and let him travel seven thousand miles over a country where a real-estate office, a Citizen's Bank, a Quick Order Restaurant, with a few surrounding houses, make, as seen from the car window, a booming city where beautiful scenery and grand mountains are separated by miles of prairie and chaparral, and where there is no Diana of the Tower nor bronze Farragut to greet him daily as he comes back from work through Madison Square. He will feel a love for New York equal to the Chicagoan's love for *his* city, and when he sees across the New Jersey flats the smoke and the tall buildings and the twin spires of the cathedral, he will wish to shout, as the cow-boys do when they "come into town," at being back again in the only place where one can both hear the Tough Girl of the East Side ask for her shoes, and the horn of the Country Club's coach tooting above the roar of the Avenue.

The West is a very wonderful, large, unfinished, and out-of-doors portion of our country, and a most delightful place to visit. I would advise every one in the East to visit it, and I hope to revisit it myself. Some of those who go will not only visit it, but will make their homes there, and the course of empire will eventually Westward take its way. But when it does, it will leave one individual behind it clinging closely to the Atlantic seaboard.

Little old New York is good enough for him.

—*The West from a Car Window.*

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HOME READING.

Gallegher.

The Bar Sinister.

Soldiers of Fortune.

Ransom's Folly.

The West from a Car Window.

With Both Armies in South Africa.

ELSIE SINGMASTER

Short Story Writer

To Elsie Singmaster, descended from Pennsylvania-German ancestry on her father's side, has come the privilege of telling the most sympathetic and appreciative stories of the life of her people. She is proud of her blood, and no line that she has written can give offence to that large and loyal body of Pennsylvania citizens whose language and customs are an odd mixture of ancient German and modern English. Her father is the Rev. John Alden Singmaster, president of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg. Many of her later years have been spent on the beautiful, but one time bloody, battlefield.

She was born in Schuylkill Haven, attended public schools in Macungie, Lehigh County, and was graduated from Allentown High School and West Chester Normal School. She believes that the thorough drill of a good public school is the best a child can have. Higher education was obtained at Cornell University and at Radcliffe College. Those who have followed her early stories will recall that most of the scenes are placed in Lehigh, the county of her girlhood. Her latest stories are about the battlefield of Gettysburg.

Recently she was married to Harold Lewars, a

musician, of Harrisburg. Aside from writing she finds her greatest pleasure in music, reading, and house-keeping.

Her contributions appear in the best class of magazines—*The Atlantic Monthly*, *Century*, *Scribner's*, and *Harper's*. All boys and girls will enjoy reading *When Sarah Saved the Day* and the sequel *When Sarah Went to School*, delightful stories of the struggles of a Pennsylvania-German girl. *The Belsnickel*, a short story, describes the joys of an old-fashioned German Christmas entertainment in the public schools.

(Born, August 27, 1879; living).

THE BELSNICKEL

The Millerstown school, crowded almost to bursting, seemed to spend itself in one great sigh as the teacher rose to open the Christmas entertainment. It was the first elaborate entertainment for many years; it was the first English entertainment in the history of Millerstown. Teacher and pupils had meant its character to be a surprise, but fate had over-ruled their plans. There was only one person in the crowded room who did not know the title of every speech, the name of every song; only one who had not participated in some detail of the excited, almost agonized preparation. That person was the guest who sat upon the platform.

Katy Gaumer, than whom none had a better right, first told the secret. A week earlier, she stood in the Millerstown store, a scarlet "twilight" on her head, scarlet mittens on her hands, a scarlet shawl about her shoulders. Her thin legs, in their black stockings, completed her resemblance to a very gorgeous bird; she seemed, with her quick motions, her waving of her grandfather's newspaper in the faces of her audience, about to fly at them. Caleb Stemmell was speaking dolefully. Caleb Stemmell seldom spoke in any other way.

"Nothing is any more like it was when I was young."

"It is perhaps a good thing," answered Katy Gaumer, with the pertness of thirteen.

"We had entertainments that were entertainments—speeches and candy and a *Belsnickel*. We went to trouble; but these teachers, bah!"

Katy Gaumer had no love for the teacher, but she hated Caleb Stemmél. Katy's loves and hates were as decided as all the rest of her emotions.

"We are going to have an entertainment that will flax any of yours, Caleb Stemmél."

"Yes; you will get up and say a few old Dutch pieces, then you will go home."

"Well, everything was Dutch when you were young."

"Yes; but now things should be English. But you are too lazy. You will be pretty much ashamed of yourselves this year, that I can tell you."

"Why this year?"

"Because a visitor is coming."

"Pooh! What do I care for a visitor?"

"This is one that you care for."

Katy was already half-way to the door, her black legs flying. She turned now, and went back.

"Who is it?"

Caleb Stemmél liked to tease.

"Don't you wish you knew?"

Katy Gaumer stamped her foot. She had respect for age in general, but not for Caleb Stimmél.

"If you don't tell, I'll snowball you when it gives a snow once," she threatened.

Caleb did not answer until he saw that Danny Koser was about to tell.

"It is a governor coming," he said slowly.

Katy Gaumer drew a step closer. No eyes of tanager or grosbeak could have shone blacker against scarlet plumage.

"Do you mean—do you mean that Uncle Dan is coming home?"

"Yes; your gran'pop he was here this afternoon, and he told us. And what will the governor think of Dutch Millerstown?"

Once more Katy reached the door at the other end of the long room. She had a habit of forecasting her own actions: she could see herself pounding at the teacher's door, then racing to her grandfather's, her heart beating, beating, beating, her whole being in the glow of excitement which she loved, and of which she had little enough. Now she stopped, her hand on the latch. The secret must be told; only by the aid of all the fathers and mothers in Millerstown could the entertainment be made adequate. There was no reason why she should not have the pleasure of the first announcement.

"We are going to have an English entertainment, Caleb Stemmell," she cried. "We have been practising for a month already. Aha, Caleb Stenimel!"

Outside she paused, and stretched out her arms. There was not a soul in sight. She looked up the street and down; she could see the last house at each

end of the village, and then the quiet country. The street-lamps were not lighted. Why should they be, to dim the light of the heavenly moon which hung above the Weygandt farm? Ten minutes ago she had been only little Katy Gaumer, with lessons learned for the morrow, bedtime hours off, hating the quiet village, and bored with life; now she was Katy Gaumer, the grandniece of one of the great men of the world. If he would only help her, she might be anything—*anything!*

There was no one at hand to remind her that she was only one of twenty-odd grandnieces and nephews, and that a governor, after all, was not such a great man, since he had at least forty-five peers, and that there were even higher offices in the land. No Millerstonian would so have discounted his hero. Daniel Gaumer had made his own way and had achieved success. To this small relative he was greater than the President of the United States. If she could do well, if all the children did well, if some one would only say to him that it was largely her effort which made the entertainment a success, what might he not do for her! She might go to a higher school; he might make her father and grandfather send her; he—

But Katy never stopped to dream. She would prove to be a very good woman or perhaps a very bad one, but she would never be a lazy one or a mediocre one. With an excited gasp, she ran down the street.

The teacher said not a word of reproof for her betrayal when she gasped out her news. He was in

Millerstown for only a few months, substituting for a friend and waiting for something to turn up. He was also a Pennsylvania German, but he would as soon have been called a Turk. He had changed his name from Schreiner to Carpenter, and the very sound of Pennsylvania German was unpleasant to him. He knew far better than any one in the village Daniel Gaumer's greatness. He sat now by the table, listening to Katy, their eyes meeting for the first time in entire friendliness.

"I told it because I knew, if Uncle Dan was coming—"

"He is your uncle!"

"My pop's uncle," explained Katy, proudly. "I never saw him. I knew, if he was coming, they would have to know their pieces better. Ollie Kuhns he won't learn his unless his pop thrashes him a couple o' times; and Jimmie Weygandt he won't learn his until the very last minute unless his mom makes him, and then he will stick anyway, perhaps; and they won't let us have the church organ to practice beforehand for the singing unless they know; and everybody must practice all the time the words they can't say. I *had* to tell."

"Exactly," agreed the teacher. His face was solemn; he felt as though he were to appear before the State Board for an examination. He realized that these were things that he would never have thought of. He blessed the inspiration which had suggested an English entertainment, he blessed the energetic child

who had persuaded the others to take part. "Sit down, Katy."

It gave Katy another thrill of joy to be thus solicited.

"Not now. I am going to my gran'pop's; then I'll come back."

Now, on the afternoon of the entertainment, there was an air of excitement both within and without the school-room. Outside, the clouds hung low; the winter wheat in the Weygandt fields seemed to have lost its brilliant green; there was no color on the mountain-side, which had been warm brown and purple in the morning sunshine. A snow-storm was brewing, the first of the season, and Millerstown rejoiced. Millerstown believed that a green Christmas made a fat graveyard.

The school-room was almost unrecognizable. The walls were in reality brown, except where the blackboards made them still duller; the desks were far apart, the space from the last seat, where the ill-behaved preferred to sit, to the teacher's desk, to which they made frequent trips for punishment, seemed interminable. This afternoon, however, there was neither dullness nor extra space. The walls were hidden by masses of crowfoot and pine, brought from the mountain; the blackboard had vanished behind festoons of flags and red bunting. The children were so closely crowded together into a quarter of the room that one would have said that they could never extricate themselves; into the other three quarters had squeezed and pressed almost all the fathers and

mothers of Millerstown. Grandfather and Grandmother Gaumer were there, the latter with a large and mysterious basket, which she directed Katy to hide in the cloak-room, the former laughing with his famous brother. "Mommy Bets" Eckert, a generation older than Grandfather Gaumer, was there; and there were half a dozen babies who cooed and cried by turns, and at whom misanthropic Caleb Stemmell frowned. Not another soul could have crowded in.

It was Katy who showed them to their seats, her cheeks redder than her red dress, her motions more bird-like than ever. Only she seemed able to keep her eyes from the platform, where the great man sat; only she seemed able to think. For Katy the play had begun. Was he not here? Had he not smiled at her? Was he not handsome and friendly, like Grandfather Gaumer? Were not her dreams coming true?

Katy knew her part as she knew her own name. It was called "Annie and Willie's Prayer." It was long and hard for a tongue which, for all its strivings, could not yet say *th* and *v* with ease. But Katy would not fail, nor would Adam, her little brother, who lisped through "Hang up the Baby's Stocking." If only Ollie Kuhns knew "The Psalm of Life" and Jimmie Weygandt "There Is a Reaper Whose Name Is Death" as well! They had known them this morning,—known them so well that they could say them backward,—but would they know them now? The children's faces were white; the very pine branches seemed to quiver with nervousness; the teacher tried vainly to remember the English speech which he had carefully composed

and memorized. As he sat talking with the stranger, he frantically consoled himself with the recollection that examinations always terrified him; but that he was always better in a few minutes.

Once he caught Katy Gaumer's eye and tried to smile. But Katy did not respond. She saw plainly enough what was the matter with him, and prickles of fright went up her backbone. His speech was to open the entertainment. Suppose he should fail! Katy had seen panic sweep like fire down the ranks of would-be speakers. If he would only let her begin, *she* could not fail!

But the teacher did not let her begin. No such simple way out of his difficulty occurred to his paralyzed brain. The stillness in the room grew more deathlike; the moment for opening came and passed; Katy Gaumer, now in her seat, gazed at him sternly; and still he sat helpless.

Then suddenly light flooded his soul. Why should he say anything at all. He would call on the stranger. It was perfectly true that a visitor's speech was never known to come anywhere but at the end of an entertainment. The teacher thought of that, but he did not care. The stranger should speak now, and thus set an example to the children. Hearing his easy English, they would have less trouble with *th* and *v*. Color came back to the teacher's cheek; only Katy Gaumer realized how terrified he had been. So elated was he at his deliverance that he introduced the stranger without stumbling.

Daniel Gaumer had spoken for at least two min-

utes before the shock of surprise reached the brains of his hearers. The children looked at him, refusing to believe their ears; fathers and mothers nudged each other; the teacher's mouth opened. Only Katy Gaumer sat unmoved, and Katy was too much astonished to stir. The distinguished stranger had been away from Millerstown for thirty years; he was a graduate of a university; he had honorary degrees; the teacher had warned the children to look as though they understood him, whether they understood him or not: and now the distinguished stranger did not even address them in English, but spoke Pennsylvania German!

It came out so naturally, he seemed so like any other Millerstonian standing there, that they could hardly believe that he was distinguished or even that he was a stranger. He said that he had not been in that school-room for thirty years, and that if any one had asked him its dimensions, he would have said it would be difficult to throw a ball from corner to corner. And now he could almost reach across it! He remembered Caleb Stemmell, and called him by name, and asked him whether he had any little boys and girls there to speak pieces, at which everybody laughed. Caleb Stemmell was too selfish to care for any one but himself. He talked as though he were sitting behind the stove in the store with Caleb and Danny Koser and the rest. And then—the teacher's face flushed, the bright color faded from Katy Gaumer's cheeks, and fathers and mothers nudged each other once more—*he said he had come a thousand miles to hear a Pennsylvania German Christmas entertainment.*

He said that it was necessary, of course, for every one to learn English,—it was the language of their country,—but at Christmas-time they should remember with pride that no nation in the world felt the Christmas spirit like the Germans. It was a time when everybody should be grateful for his German blood, and should practice his German speech. He had been looking forward to this entertainment for weeks; he had told his friends about it; he knew that there was at least one place where he could hear “Stille Nacht.” He almost dared to hope that there would be a “Bels-nickel.” If old men could be granted their dearest wish, they would be young again. The entertainment, he said, was going to make him young for one afternoon.

Then the great man sat down, and the little man rose. The teacher was panic-stricken once more. He was furious with himself for having called on Daniel Gaumer first; he was furious with Daniel Gaumer for thus foolishly upsetting all his teaching; he did not care, he said to himself, whether the children failed or not. He announced “Annie and Willie’s Prayer.”

It seemed for a moment that Katy herself would fail. She looked back into the teacher’s eyes. He could not have prompted her if his life had depended on it. He glanced at the program in his hand to see who came next.

But Katy had begun. She bowed to the audience, she bowed to the stranger,—she had effective, stagy ways,—and then she began. To the staring children, to the astonished fathers and mothers; to the delighted

stranger, she recited a new piece. They had heard it all their lives; in fact, many of them knew it by heart. It was not "Annie and Willie's Prayer," it was not even a Christmas piece, but it was as appropriate to the occasion as either. Katy knew this also like her own name; it was the way Katy Gaumer knew everything. It was "Das alt Schulhaus an der Crick," and the translation compares with the original as the teacher's Christmas entertainment compared with Katy Gaumer's:

To-day it is just twenty years
Since I began to roam;
Now, safely back, I stand once more
Before the quaint old school-house door,
Close by my father's home.
I've been in many houses since,
Of marble built and brick;
Though grander far, their aim they miss,
To lure my heart's old love from this
Old school-house on the creek.

Katy Gaumer's eyes did not continue to rest on the visitor's face. There were thirty-one stanzas in her recitation; there was time to look at each one in her audience. At the fathers and mothers she did not look at all; at Ollie Kuhns and Jimmie Weygandt and little Sarah Knerr, however, she looked hard and long. She was still staring at Ollie when she sat down—staring so hard that she did not hear the applause, which the stranger led. She did not sit down gracefully; she hung half-way out of her seat, bracing her-

self with her arm about her little brother, and still staring at Ollie Kuhns.

The teacher forgot to announce Ollie's speech, but no one noticed. Ollie rose, grinning. This was all a beautiful joke to him. He knew a trick worth two of Katy's. Did he not know a piece called "Der Belsnickel," a description of the masked, fur-clad creature who in Daniel Gaumer's day brought cakes for good children and switches for the *nixnutzige*? Ollie had terrified the children a thousand times with his representation of "Bosco the Wild Man." It was a simple thing to make them see a fearful Belsnickel before their eyes.

And little Sarah Knerr, did she not know "Das Krischkindel," which told of the divine Christmas spirit? She had learned it for last year's Sunday-school entertainment; she said it now with exquisite and gentle painstaking. When she was through, the teacher rose as though hypnotized and went to the organ. There was an advisory hum from Katy Gaumer, to which the teacher listened with irritation. He had some sense. There was of course only one thing to be sung, and that was "Stille Nacht." The children sang, and the fathers and mothers sang, and the stranger led them with his strong voice.

Only Katy Gaumer, fixing one of the remaining performers after the other with her eye, sang no more after the tune was started. There was Coonie Schnable. She said to herself that he would probably fail, anyhow; it made little difference whether his few unintelligible words were English or German.

Coonie Schnable was always the clown of the entertainment; he would be of this one also.

But Coonie did not fail. Ellie Shindler recited a German description of "The County Fair" without a break, then Coonie Schnable rose. He had once "helped" successfully in a dialogue. For those who know no Pennsylvania German it must suffice that it was a translation of a scene in Hamlet. For the benefit of those who are more fortunate the translation is appended. Coonie now recited all the parts.

Hamlet: Oh, du armes Schpook!

Ghost: Pity mich net, aber geb mir now dei' Ohre
For ich will dir amohl eppas sawga.

Hamlet: Schwetz rous, for ich will es now aw hera.

Ghost: Und wenn du haresht don nemsht aw satisfaction.

Hamlet: Well, was is 's? Rous mit!

Ghost: Ich bin dei' dawdy sei' Schpook.

To the children, everything which Coonie did was funny, and their fathers and mothers laughed with them. The stranger seemed to discover still deeper springs of mirth; he laughed until he cried.

Only Katy Gaumer, stealing out, was not there to see the end. Nor was she at hand to speed her little brother Adam, who was to close the entertainment with "Hang up the Baby's Stocking." But Adam had had his instructions. He knew no German recitation,—this was his first essay at speech-making,—but he knew a German Bible verse which his Grandmother

Gaumer had taught him: "Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe und Friede auf Erden, und den Menschen ein Wohlgefallen" ["Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"]. He looked like a Christmas spirit himself as he said it, with his flaxen hair and his blue eyes, as the stranger might have looked fifty years ago. Daniel Gaumer smiled at him as he passed, then gathered him to his knee.

Suddenly little Adam screamed, and hid his face against the stranger's breast; then another child shrieked in excited rapture. The Belsnickel had come! It was covered with the dust of the school-house garret; it was not of the traditional huge size,—it was, indeed, less than five feet tall,—but it wore a furry coat,—the distinguished stranger leaped to his feet, saying it was not possible that that old pelt still survived,—it opened its mouth "like scissors," as Ollie Kuhn's piece said. It had not the traditional bag, but it had a basket,—Grandma Gaumer's,—and the traditional cakes and apples were there. It climbed upon a desk, its black-stockinged legs and red dress showing through the rents of the old, ragged coat, and the children surrounded it, laughing, begging, screaming with delight.

It was then that the stranger joined his brother at the back of the room, asking who the Belsnickel was. He did not realize how large a part Katy had had in the entertainment; he knew only that custom selected the most capable and popular scholar for that delightful office. Katy's grandfather called her to him, and she came slowly, slipping like a crimson butterfly from

the furry pelt, which the children seized upon with joy. She heard her grandfather tell his brother that she was "Abner's little girl," and her eyes met the stranger's bright gaze. She hesitated in the middle of the room and looked at him. A consciousness of kinship warmed her heart, then a smothering joy. He, too, had hated Millerstown, or he would not have gone away; he, too, loved it, or he would not have come back. He would understand her, help her. He understood even now, for stooping to kiss her, he hid her nervous, foolish tears from Millerstown.

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HOME READING.

When Sarah Saved the Day.

When Sarah Went to School.

APPENDIX

THE STUDY OF POETRY

1. *Learn something about the life of the author, and imagine (if possible) what incident inspired the poem.*
2. *What pictures are formed?*
 - (a) The foreground—the main picture.
 - (b) The background—the subordinate scenes.
3. *The exact meaning, if possible, of every thought.*
 - (a) Write or tell the meaning of the poem in simple prose.
 - (b) Consult a standard dictionary for meaning of words.
 - (c) Note strength or weakness of figures of speech. Do not go too much into detail.
 - (d) To appreciate classical references, use freely a good book of mythology.
 - (e) The metre of the verse should accord with the thought of the poem.
 - (f) Read poetry aloud.

NOTES

Page 17—Christ-kindchen. Kindchen is the German for “little child,” hence the Christ-child.

Page 20—Zeil. This is the most prominent business street in Frankfurt.

Page 20—Prost Neu Jahr. This is an expression much used in Germany, meaning, “May the New Year benefit you!” or “May you enjoy the New Year!” The word “prost” is not German, but a contracted Latin form.

Page 23—Pasha. A title of honor of the chief ministers, and of the military, naval and civil officers in the Turkish Empire.

Page 24—Khartoum. Capital and principal marketplace of the Egyptian Sudan, situated at the junction of the Blue and White Nile. It is famous in history.

Page 37—Papier-maché. Made of paper.

Page 38—Pantagruelist. One who assumes a ridiculous form of dress to conceal a serious purpose.

Page 39—Angelus. The bell which sounds in the evening for a brief period of devotion.

Page 39—Torlonia's palace. Giovanni Torlonia was the first prominent member of the family of that name. He amassed great wealth.

Page 39—Walpurgis night. The night which precedes May 1, when, according to a popular superstition, witches gathered on the highest peak of the Harz Mountains, in Germany, to celebrate with their master, the devil, the great heathen festival of May Day.

Page 42—Juvenal. A great Roman writer of satire.

Page 69—Nihilists. Members of a secret organization which seeks to destroy present social institutions.

Page 75—Gemini. Meaning twins, hence Bill and Harry.

Page 87—Students should read all of "A Venture in 1777."

Page 91—Wissahickon. A stream near Philadelphia.

Page 91—Long Island and Brandywine. The reference is to the Revolutionary battles.

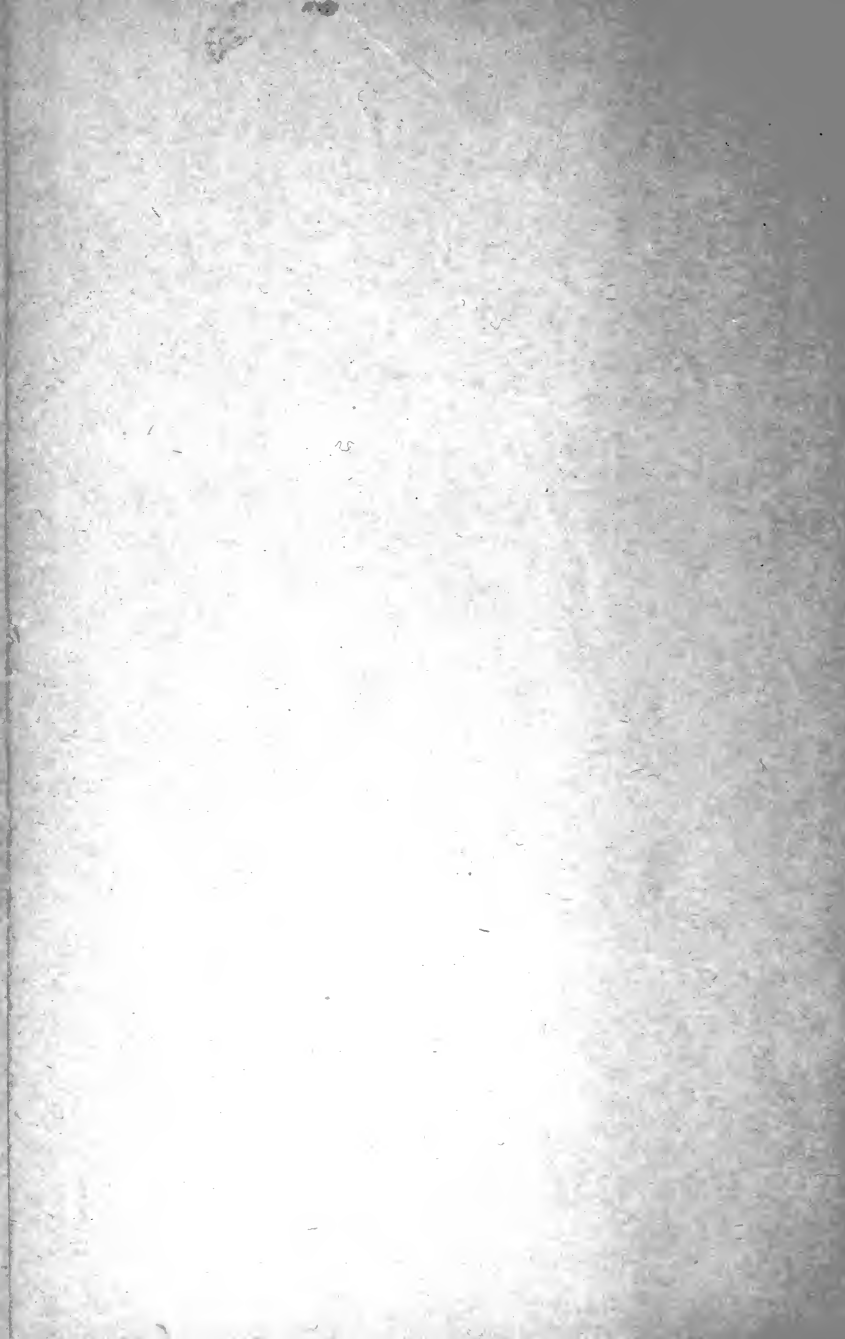
Page 92—O River. The Susquehanna.

Page 113—Pablo. A Mexican boy, whose companion was El Sabio, a mule. El Sabio means the Wise One. He was so named because of his intelligence.

Page 114—Padre. The Father, Fray Antonio, who was a monk.

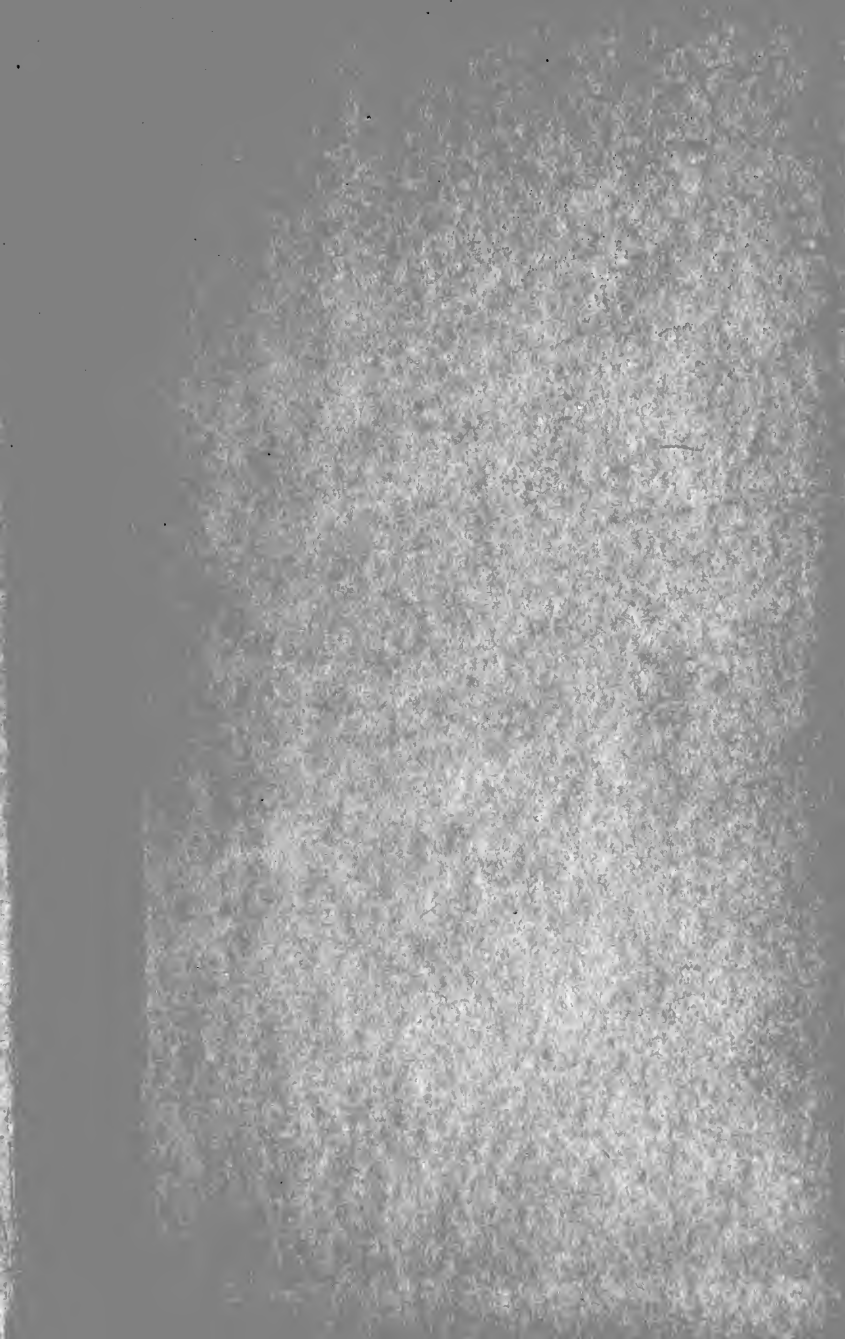
Page 128—Along the Pocono. Locate on a map of Pennsylvania.







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